

K (no binder)

Kun Songs by the Sea
Hunson AB Korea

Description

Collection/Songbook of 101 Songs

8 1/2 x 5 1/2, stapled booklet, with cover

Copy belonged to Dalrymple before incorporation into William Getz collection
(a later version also appears in the Getz Collection.)

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DALRYMPLE

Kun Songs by the Sea



Kunson AB
Korea

INTRODUCTION

These are the songs of men who fly, fight, and die for their country. Some who have written and many who have sung these songs have done all three. Some who will sing them have done none of these things. It is so that the latter will understand the former and aspire to the example they set that this collection is offered. Some of these songs are profound; some are profane; some are obscene; but all are intended to be a unifying bond for all those who risk their lives to preserve our country's freedom. Therefore, this songbook is dedicated to the purpose that EVERYBODY SINGS and has a good time.

***** WARNING *****

This is a word of warning to those readers whose tender sensibilities may be offended by the language of these ballads. But it is NOT an apology for them. For these are the songs that are sung by flying men throughout the English speaking world. They reflect the manners of men at war, the morals of pilots who drink to forget for an evening the combat mission they must fly at dawn. Many of the lyrics were adapted to the Vietnam and Korean "situations" after having been popular in World War I and II, and at least one or two of them were sung around the campfires on the eve of Gettysburg. It follows, therefore, that they are not a product of a particular degenerate age. They are instead, as they have always been, an integral part of military life in the field; no more and no less so than a cold tent, bathing in a helmet, or the sorting of a buddy's personal effects for shipment home. You must accept or ignore them as we accept or ignore the conditions that inspired their authors to write them and us to sing them.

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FIREBALL ON THE HILLSIDE

THERE'S A FIREBALL DOWN THERE ON THE HILLSIDE,
AND I THINK MAYBE WE'VE LOST A FRIEND,
BUT WE'LL KEEP ON FLYING AND WE'LL KEEP ON DYIN',
FOR DUTY AND HONOR NEVER END.

THERE'S AN UPENDED GLASS ON THE TABLE,
DOWN IN FRONT OF A LONE EMPTY CHAIR,
YESTERDAY, WE WERE WITH HIM, TODAY GOD BE WITH HIM,
WHEREVER HE IS IN YOUR CARE.

THEY WERE FOUR WHEN THEY TOOK OFF THIS MORNING,
AND THEIR DUTY WAS THERE IN THE SKY,
ONLY THREE SHIPS RETURNIN', BLUE 4 AIN'T RETURNIN',
TO BLUE 4 THEN HOLD YOUR GLASSES HIGH.

THERE'S A FIREBALL DOWN THERE ON THE HILLSIDE,
AND I THINK MAYBE WE'VE LOST A FRIEND,
BUT WE'LL KEEP ON FLYING AND WE'LL KEEP ON DYIN',
FOR DUTY AND HONOR NEVER END.

AN IRISH AIRMAN FORSEES HIS DEATH

" I KNOW THAT I SHALL MEET MY FATE
SOMEWHERE AMONG THE CLOUDS ABOVE;
THOSE I FIGHT I DO NOT HATE,
THOSE I GUARD I DO NOT LOVE....
NOT LAW, NOR DUTY BADE ME FIGHT,
NOR PUBLIC MEN - NOR CHEERING CROWDS.
A LONELY IMPULSE OF DELIGHT
DROVE TO THIS TUMULT IN THE CLOUDS.
I BALANCED ALL, BROUGHT ALL TO MIND,
THE YEARS TO COME SEEM WASTE OF BREATH,
A WASTE OF BREATH, THE YEARS BEHIND
IN BALANCE WITH THIS LIFE, THIS DEATH."

Poem by William Butler Yeats

COOL WATER

ALL DAY I'VE FACED THE BARREN WASTE
WITHOUT THE TASTE OF WATER, COOL, CLEAR WATER,
OLD DAN AND I WITH THROATS SO DRY,
IT'S THOSE THAT CRY FOR WATER, COOL, CLEAR WATER.

CHORUS: KEEP A-MOVIN' DAN, DON'T YOU LISTEN TO HIM DAN,
HE'S A DEVIL, NOT A MAN,
AND HE SPREADS THE BURNING SANDS WITH WATER,
DAN, CAN YOU SEE THAT BIG GREEN TREE,
WHERE THE WATER'S FLOWING FREE,
AND IT'S WAITING THERE FOR YOU AND ME.

THE NIGHTS ARE COOL AND I'M A FOOL,
EACH STAR'S A POOL OF WATER, COOL, CLEAR WATER,
BUT WITH THE DAWN I'LL WAKE AND YAWN,
AND CARRY ON TO WATER, COOL, CLEAR WATER.

THE SHADOWS SWAY AND SEEM TO SAY,
TONIGHT WE PRAY FOR WATER, COOL, CLEAR WATER,
AND WAY UP THERE HE'LL HEAR OUR PRAYER,
AND SHOW US WHERE THERE'S WATER, COOL, CLEAR WATER.

YELLOW ROSE OF TEXAS

THERE'S A YELLOW ROSE IN TEXAS, I'M GOING THERE TO SEE.
NO OTHER FELLOW KNOWS HER, NOBODY ONLY ME.
SHE CRIED SO WHEN I LEFT HER, IT LIKE TO BROKE HER HEART,
AND IF WE EVER MEET AGAIN, WE NEVER MORE SHALL PART.

CHORUS: SHE'S THE SWEETEST ROSE OF COLOR A FELLOW EVER KNEW,
HER EYES ARE BRIGHT AS DIAMONDS, THEY SPARKLE LIKE THE DEW.
YOU MAY TALK ABOUT YOUR DEAREST MAID
AND SING OF ROSA LEE,
BUT THE YELLOW ROSE OF TEXAS
BEATS THE GALS OF TENNESSEE.

OH, I'M GOING BACK TO FIND HER, MY HEART IS FULL OF JOY.
WE'LL SING THE SONGS TOGETHER, WE SANG SO LONG AGO.
I'LL PICK THE BANJO GAILY, AND SING THE SONGS OF YORE,
AND THE YELLOW ROSE OF TEXAS SHALL BE MINE FOR EVER MORE.

WALTZING MATILDA

ONCE A JOLLY SWAGMAN CAMPED BY THE BRILL-ALONG,
UNDER THE SHADE OF A COOLIBAH TREE,
AND HE SANG AS HE SAT AND WAITED TILL HIS BILLY BOILED,
YOU'LL COME A-WALTZING MATILDA WITH ME.

CHORUS: WALTZING MATILDA, WALTZING MATILDA.
YOU'LL COME A-WALTZING MATILDA WITH ME.
AND HE SANG AS HE SAT AND WAITED FOR HIS BILLY BOILED,
YOU'LL COME A-WALTZING MATILDA WITH ME.

DOWN CAME A JUMBUCK TO DRINK AT THE BILLALONG,
UP JUMPED THE SWAGMAN AND GRABBED HIM WITH GLEE,
AND HE SANG AS HE STONED THAT JUMBUCK IN HIS TUCKER BAG,
YOU'LL COME A-WALTZING MATILDA WITH ME.

UP RODE A SQUATTER MOUNTED ON HIS THOROUGHbred,
UP RODE HIS TROOPS, ONE, TWO, THREE.
WHERE'S THAT JOLLY JUMBUCK, YOU'VE GOT IN YOUR TUCKER BAG?
YOU'LL COME A-WALTZING MATILDA WITH ME.

UP JUMPED THE SWAGMAN, SPRANG INTO THE BRILLALONG,
YOU'LL NEVER CATCH ME ALIVE SAID HE,
AND HIS GHOST MAY BE HEARD AS YOU PASS BY THE BRILLALONG,
YOU'LL COME A-WALTZING MATILDA WITH ME.

DIXIE

I WISH I WAS IN DA LAND OF COTTON,
OLD TIMES DAR AM NOT FORGOTTEN,
LOOK AWAY, LOOK AWAY, LOOK AWAY, DIXIELAND.

OH, I WISH I WAS IN DIXIE, HURRAH, HURRAH,
IN DIXIE LAND I'LL TAKE MY STAND,
TO LIVE AND DIE IN DIXIE,
AWAY, AWAY, AWAY DOWN SOUTH IN DIXIE.

THE STREETS OF LAREDO

AS I WALKED OUT ON THE STREETS OF LAREDO,
AS I WALKED OUT IN LAREDO ONE DAY,
I SPIED A CONFUNCHER ALL WRAPPED UP IN WHITE LINEN,
ALL WRAPPED UP IN WHITE LINEN AS COLD AS THE CLAY.

OH, BEAT THE DRUM SLOWLY AND PLAY THE PIPE LOWLY,
PLAY THE DEATH MARCH AS YOU CARRY ME ALONG,
TAKE ME TO THE VALLEY, THERE LAY THE SOD O'ER ME,
FOR I'M A YOUNG COWBOY AND I KNOW I'VE DONE WRONG.

I SEE BY YOUR OUTFIT THAT YOU ARE A COWBOY,
THESE WORDS HE DID SAY AS I SLOWLY STEPPED BY,
COME SIT DOWN BESIDE ME AND HEAR MY SAD STORY,
I'M SHOT IN THE BREAST AND I KNOW I MUST DIE.

IT WAS ONCE IN THE SADDLE I USED TO GO DASHING,
ONCE IN THE SADDLE I USED TO GO GAY,
THEN I FIRST TOOK TO DRINKING AND THEN TOOK TO GAMBLING,
GOT SHOT IN THE BREAST AND I'M DYING TODAY.

LET SIXTEEN GAMBLERS COME CARRY MY COFFIN,
LET SIX PRETTY MAIDENS COME SING ME A SONG,
TAKE ME TO THE GRAVEYARD, THERE ROLL THE SOD O'ER ME,
FOR I'M A YOUNG COWBOY AND I KNOW I'VE DONE WRONG.

WE BEAT THE DRUM SLOWLY AND PLAYED THE PIPE LOWLY,
AND BITTERLY WEPT AS WE BORE HIM ALONG,
FOR WE ALL LOVED OUR COMRADE SO BRAVE, YOUNG, AND HANDSOME,
WE ALL LOVED OUR COMRADE ALTHO' HE'D DONE WRONG.

AURALEE

AS THE BLACKBIRDS IN THE SPRING 'NEATH THE WILLOW TREE,
SAT AND PIPED THE SONG THEY SANG, SINGING AURALEE.

AURALEE, AURALEE, MAID WITH GOLDEN HAIR,
SUNSHINE CAME ALONG WITH THEE
AND SHADOWS IN YOUR HAIR.

LANDLORD, FILL THE FLOWING BOWL

THREE JOLLY COACHMEN SAT IN AN ENGLISH TAVERN,
THREE JOLLY COACHMEN SAT IN AN ENGLISH TAVERN,
THERE THEY DECIDED THAT, THERE THEY DECIDED THAT,
THERE THEY DECIDED THAT THEY'D HAVE ANOTHER FLAGON.

CHORUS: OH, LANDLORD, FILL THE FLOWING BOWL
UNTIL IT DOTH RUN OVER.
OH, LANDLORD, FILL THE FLOWING BOWL
UNTIL IT DOTH RUN OVER.
FOR TONIGHT WE'LL MERRY, MERRY BE;
FOR TONIGHT WE'LL MERRY, MERRY BE;
FOR TONIGHT WE'LL MERRY, MERRY BE;
TOMORROW WE'LL BE SOBER.

HERE'S TO THE MAN WHO DRINKS LIGHT ALE AND GOES TO BED QUITE SOBER,
HERE'S TO THE MAN WHO DRINKS LIGHT ALE AND GOES TO BED QUITE SOBER,
HE FALLS AS THE LEAVES DO FALL, FALLS AS THE LEAVES DO FALL,
HE FALLS AS THE LEAVES DO FALL, HE'LL DIE BEFORE OCTOBER!

HERE'S TO THE MAN WHO DRINKS STOUT ALE, AND GOES TO BED QUITE
MELLOW,
HERE'S TO THE MAN WHO DRINKS STOUT ALE, AND GOES TO BED QUITE
MELLOW,
HE LIVES AS HE OUGHT TO LIVE, HE LIVES AS HE OUGHT TO LIVE,
HE LIVES AS HE OUGHT TO LIVE, AND HE'LL DIE A JOLLY FELLOW!

HERE'S TO THE MAID WHO STEALS A KISS AND RUNS TO TELL HER MOTHER,
HERE'S TO THE MAID WHO STEALS A KISS AND RUNS TO TELL HER MOTHER,
SHE'S A FOOLISH, FOOLISH, THING, SHE'S A FOOLISH, FOOLISH, THING,
SHE'S A FOOLISH, FOOLISH, THING, SHE'LL NEVER GET ANOTHER!

HERE'S TO THE MAID WHO STEALS A KISS AND STAYS TO GET ANOTHER,

HERE'S TO THE MAID WHO STEALS A KISS AND STAYS TO GET ANOTHER,
SHE'S A BOON TO ALL MANKIND, SHE'S A BOON TO ALL MANKIND,
SHE'S A BOON TO ALL MANKIND, SHE'LL BE A FRUITFUL MOTHER!

AIR FORCE SONG

OFF WE GO, INTO THE WILD BLUE YONDER,
CLIMBING HIGH, INTO THE SUN.
HERE THEY COME ZOOMING TO MEET OUR THUNDER,
AT 'EM BOYS, GIVE HER THE GUN.
DOWN WE DIVE, SPOUTING OUR FLAME FROM UNDER,
OFF WITH ONE HELL OF A ROAR,
WE LIVE IN FAME, OR GO DOWN IN FLAME,
NOTHING CAN STOP THE U.S. AIR FORCE.

CHORUS: HERE'S A TOAST TO THE HOST OF THOSE WHO LOVE
THE VASTNESS OF THE SKY.
TO A FRIEND WE SEND A MESSAGE OF
HIS BROTHER MEN WHO FLY.
WE DRINK TO THOSE WHO GAVE THEIR ALL OF OLD,
THEN DOWN WE ROAR TO SCORE THE RAINBOW'S RCT OF GOLD.
HERE'S A TOAST TO THE HOST OF THE MEN WE BOAST,
THE U. S. AIR FORCE.

MINDS OF MEN FASHIONED A CRATE OF THUNDER,
SENT IT HIGH INTO THE BLUE.
HANDS OF MEN ELASTED THE WORLD ASUNDER,
HOW THEY LIVED, GOD ONLY KNEW!
SOULS OF MEN DREAMING OF SKIES TO CONQUER,
GAVE US WINGS OVER TO SOAR.
WITH SCOUTS BEFORE AND BOMBERS GALORE,
NOTHING CAN STOP THE U. S. AIR FORCE.

OFF WE GO INTO THE BLUE SKY YONDER.
KEEP YOUR WINGS LEVEL AND TRUE.
IF YOU'D LIVE TO BE A GRAY-HAIRED WONDER,
KEEP YOUR NOSE OUT OF THE BLUE!
FLYING MEN GUARDING OUR NATION'S BORDERS,
WE'LL BE THERE FOLLOWED BY MORE.
IN ECHELON WE CARRY ON,
NOTHING CAN STOP THE U. S. AIR FORCE!

KUNSAN AIR BASE

(Sweet Betsy from Pike)

HERE'S TO OLD KUNSAN, IT'S A HELL OF A PLACE.
THE WAY THINGS ARE RUN IS A FRIGGING DISGRACE.
THERE'S CAPTAINS, AND MAJORS, AND LITE COLONELS TOO,
WITH THEIR THUMBS UP THEIR ASSES AND NOTHING TO DO.

THEY STAND ON THE FLIGHTLINE AND SCREAM AND THEY SHOUT.
THEY SCREAM ABOUT THINGS THEY KNOW NOTHING ABOUT.
FOR ALL THE GOOD THEY DO, THEY MIGHT AS WELL BE
SHOVELING SHIT ON THE ISLE OF CAPRI.

IT'S UP IN THE MORNING AND TO THE LATRINE.
IT BURNS WHEN I PISS CAUSE I'VE BEEN WITH A QUEEN.
I'VE GOT IT BAD, AND I'M TELLING YOU,
IF YOU DON'T QUIT "RUNNIN' 'EM", YOU'LL HAVE IT TOO.

WHEN THIS YEAR IS OVER, WE'LL ALL GO BACK HOME.
BACK TO OUR ROUND-EYES AND NEVER MORE ROAM.
TO HELL WITH OLD KUNSAN AND HER MISERY,
TO HELL WITH OLD KUNSAN AND ALL HER VD.

I WANT TO PLAY PIANO IN A WHORE HOUSE

OH, I WANT TO PLAY PIANO IN A WHORE HOUSE,
THAT IS MY ONE DESIRE.
SOME PEOPLE MAY BE BANKERS, OR FARMERS OUT IN BUTTE,
I JUST WANT TO PLAY IN A HOUSE OF ILL REPUTE.

DON'T LAUGH AT THIS, MY HUMBLE ASPIRATION,
FOR CARNAL COPULATION'S HERE TO STAY, I DON'T WANT FAME OR RICHES.
I JUST WANT TO PLAY FOR THOSE OLD BITCHES,
I WANT TO PLAY PIANO IN A WHORE HOUSE.

ODE TO THE EIGHTH (Sweet Betsy From Pike)

HERE'S TO THE PUSSIES, THE WEAK 35TH,
THE FIGHTIN'EST SQUADRON YOU'LL EVER BE WITH,
THEY'RE MEN WITH IDEALS, THEY'RE BOLD, BRAVE AND TRUE,
WHILE FIGHTIN' FROM BARSTOOLS AND CHASIN' MISS KU.

LET'S PAUSE, FILL OUR GLASSES, AND RAISE THEM ON HIGH,
WE'LL TOAST THE HEADHUNTERS AS THEY TAKE TO THE SKY,
LOOK THERE'S ONE, AND THERE'S ONE, AND HERE COMES ONE MORE,
BUT DON'T GET YOUR HOPES UP, THEY'LL NEVER GET UP FOUR.

THEY FLEW SINGLE-SEATERS, THEY PULLED LOTS OF "G'S",
THEY SKIPPED, STRAFED, AND DIVE BOMBED AND DID IT ALL WITH EASE,
IT USED TO TAKE ONE MAN AND NOW IT TAKES TWO,
TWICE AS MUCH AIRCRAFT AND NOTHING TO DO.

THE P4 IS LAZY, THE P4 IS FINE,
MORE TIME FOR SINGING AND WOMEN AND WINE,
AIR TO GROUND LOCKON, GO FREEZE AND INSERT,
THEN PICKLE, GO HOME, AND SIT TREE ALERT.

BUT DON'T GET ME WRONG, CAUSE THE EIGHTH WING IS GREAT,
THE DUTY THEY'VE SEEN WOULD TAKE LONG TO RELATE,
THEY FOUGHT AND THEY WON, IT COST MANY GOOD MEN,
THEY DID IT FOR US AND WE'LL DO IT TO THEM.

YES, THEY DID IT FOR US AND WE'LL DO IT TO THEM.

KUNSAN BY THE SEA

(On Top of Old Smokey)

WAY OUT IN KOREA, IS A PLACE CALLED THE KUN.
IF I NEVER SEE IT AGAIN, IT'LL BE TOO SOON.

THE GUYS AT RANDOLPH, SENT ME TO THIS WING.
THEY SAID, "SON, YOU'LL LIKE IT, IT'S CAREER BROADENING."

SO COME YOU YOUNG FELLAS, AND LISTEN TO ME.
I'LL SING YOU A SAD SONG, OF KUNSAN BY THE SEA.

THE SUMMERS ARE HOT THERE, AND RIPE KIMCHI TASTES SWELL.
THE PADDIES ARE GROWING, THEY STINK LIKE HELL.

THE WINTERS ARE COLD, AND THE WIND IT DOES BLOW.
YOU SIT DOWN IN SILVER TOWN, THERE'S NO PLACE TO GO.

THE YO'S DOWN IN A-TOWN, MAKE THE TIME PASS AWAY.
FOR 4,000 WON, YOU'RE A LOVER ALL DAY.

OSCAR AND OB, HELP EASE THE PAIN.
BETTER HAVE ANOTHER, IT'S PAST MIDNIGHT AGAIN.

ONE DAY IT WILL HAPPEN, THE 3 HOLER FOR ME.
AND I'LL NEVER REMEMBER, OLD KUNSAN BY THE SEA.

KOTEX SONG

(Caissons go Rolling Along)

YOU CAN TELL BY THE SMELL THAT SHE ISN'T FEELING WELL,
WHEN THE END OF THE MONTH ROLLS AROUND.
NOW SHE TURNS, NOW SHE SQUIRMS, NOW SHE GETS A CASE OF WORMS,
WHEN THE END OF THE MONTH ROLLS AROUND.
FOR IT'S HI - HI - HEE IN THE KOTEX INDUSTRY.
CALL OUT YOUR SIZES LOUD AND STRONG:
SUPER - JUNIOR - BAND-AID.
FOR WHERE ERE YOU GO, THE BLOOD WILL ALWAYS FLOW,
WHEN THE END OF THE MONTH ROLLS AROUND.

A NIGHT IN A-TOWN

A LITTLE SHADE OF LIGHT,
A BED WITH SHEETS SO WHITE,
A LITTLE LIGHT, A QUIET ROOM,
A LITTLE LOVING IN THE GLOOM,
A PAIR OF LIPS, SO WARM AND WET,
A LITTLE WHISPER, "PLEASE NOT YET",
A LITTLE PILLOW FOR THE HEAD,
SLIPPED BENEATH THE HIPS INSTEAD.

A LITTLE EFFORT TO BEGIN,
A LITTLE HELP TO GET IT IN;
A LITTLE ARM THAT GRIPS ME TIGHT,
WHEN I ASK, "DOES IT FEEL ALL RIGHT?"
SHE SMILES AND SAYS, "IT FEELS SO GOOD",
AND I REPLY, "I KNEW IT WOULD."

TWO LITTLE LEGS AROUND ME WIND,
TWO SLANTED EYES LOOK INTO MINE;
A LITTLE MOVEMENT TO AND FRO,
A LITTLE WHISPER, "GIVE ME MORE."

TWO LITTLE HEARTS BEAT AS ONE,
TWO LITTLE LOVERS HAVING FUN;
A LITTLE HUNCH, A LITTLE SIGH,
A LITTLE QUESTION, "YOU COME YET, G.I.?"

A LITTLE EFFORT TO REPEAT,
A LITTLE SPOT UPON THE SHEET;
A LITTLE SHOWER WHEN YOU'RE THROUGH,
A LITTLE DRINK, MAYBE TWO.

FINALLY, A LITTLE SLEEP AND THEN,
A LITTLE BREAKFAST AT HALF-PAST TEN;
THEN YOU ARISE AND PUT ON YOUR HAT,
LOOK BACK AND SAY, "DID I FUCK THAT?"

BENEATH A KOREAN WATERFALL

BENEATH A KOREAN WATERFALL, ONE BRIGHT AND SUNNY DAY,
BESIDE HIS SHATTERED PHANTOM JET, A YOUNG PILOT LAY.
HIS PARACHUTE HUNG FROM A NEARBY TREE, HE WAS NOT
YET QUITE DEAD,
SO LISTEN TO THE VERY LAST WORDS THE YOUNG PILOT SAID:

"WE'RE GOING TO A BETTER LAND WHERE EVERYTHING IS BRIGHT,
WHERE WHISKEY FLOWS FROM TELEGRAPH POLES;
PLAY POKER EVERY NIGHT!
WE HAVEN'T GOT A THING TO DO BUT SIT AROUND AND SING,
AND ALL OUR CREWS ARE WOMEN, OH! DEATH, WHERE IS THY STING?"

OH, DEATH, WHERE IS THY STING, TING-A-LING,
OH, DEATH, WHERE IS THY STING,
THE BELLS OF HELL WILL RING, RING-A-LING,
FOR YOU BUT NOT FOR ME!

OH, RING-A-LING-A-LING-LING, BLOW IT OUT YOUR ASS.
RING-A-LING-A-LING-LING, BLOW IT OUT YOUR ASS.
RING-A-LING-A-LING-LING, BLOW IT OUT YOUR ASS.
BETTER DAYS ARE COMING BYE AND BYE!

ON TOP OF OLD HANOI

(On Top of Old Smokey)

ON TOP OF OLD HANOI, ALL COVERED WITH FLAK,
I LOST MY POOR WINGMAN, HE'LL NEVER COME BACK.
FOR FLYING IS PLEASURE, AND DYING IS GRIEF,
AND A QUICK TRIGGERED COMMIE IS WORSE THAN A THIEF.

FOR A THIEF WILL JUST ROB YOU, AND TAKE ALL YOU HAVE,
BUT A QUICK TRIGGERED COMMIE WILL SEND YOU TO THE GRAVE.
AND THE GRAVE WILL DESTROY YOU, AND TURN YOU TO DUST.
NOT ONE MIG IN A THOUSAND, A PHANTOM CAN TRUST.

NOW WHEN THE BAD WEATHER KEEPS THE SHIPS DOWN,
ALL DAY WE CAN HEAR, THIS HORRIBLE SOUND,
"ATTENTION, ALL PILOTS, NOW LISTEN TO THIS,
THERE'LL BE A SHORT MEETING, THAT YOU DARE NOT MISS."

NORTH OF P Y DO

(Ghost Riders)

HERE'S A STORY 'BOUT AN F4 FLIGHT AT KUMSAN ONE FINE DAY,
AN HOUR LATE FOR TAKEOFF AS THEY GOT ON THE RUNWAY,
THEY COULD BARELY SEE THE CENTERLINE THRU ALL THE FOG AND RAIN,
AND THEY DIDN'T KNOW THE DEVIL HAD PUT A CURSE UPON THEIR PLANE.

CURSE UPON THEIR PLANE, CURSE UPON THEIR PLANE,
AND THEY DIDN'T KNOW THE DEVIL HAD PUT A CURSE UPON THEIR PLANE.

WELL, THEY LIT BOTH AFTERBURNERS AND THEY ROARED OFF THRU THE FOG,
THINKING 'BOUT THEIR REQUIREMENTS AND THE TIME THAT THEY WOULD LOG,
AS THE AIRSPEED REACHED TWO HUNDRED, BOTH SETS OF THROTTLES STUCK,
THE UHF AND TACAN QUIT AND THE GEAR WOULD NOT COME UP.

GEAR WOULD NOT COME UP, GEAR WOULD NOT COME UP,
THE UHF AND TACAN QUIT AND THE GEAR WOULD NOT COME UP.

THEY FOUGHT TO KEEP CONTROL OF IT AND KEEP IT CLIMBING TOO,
THEY PRAYED A PERVENT PRAYER TO GOD AND THEY SAID WHAT THEY WOULD DO,
WE WON'T SMOKE OR DRINK OR CHASE THE GIRLS, TO SIN WE'LL PUT A STOP,
NOW, DISREGARD THAT LAST PART, LORD, WE'RE VFR-ON-TOP.

VFR-ON-TOP, VFR-ON-TOP,
NOW, DISREGARD THAT LAST PART, LORD, WE'RE VFR-ON-TOP.

THE AIRSPEED REACHED FIVE HUNDRED KNOTS, THE GAS WAS GOIN' FAST,
THEY HAD ENOUGH TO REACH THE RANGE AND MAKE AT LEAST ONE PASS,
THE UNDERCAST WAS BREAKIN' UP AS THE WIZZO HACKED HIS WATCH,
SO THEY OPENED UP THE BOMB DOORS AND THEY HEADED FOR THE CROTCH.

HEADED FOR THE CROTCH, HEADED FOR THE CROTCH,
SO THEY OPENED UP THE BOMB DOORS AND THEY HEADED FOR THE CROTCH.

"WHERE ARE WE?" SAID THE PILOT, AND THE GIB SAID, "NO SWEAT, JACK,
I'LL GET YOU TO THE TARGET, JUST MAKE SURE YOU GET US BACK."
ALL THE RADAR SITES WERE CALLIN' THEM, TOO BAD THEY DIDN'T KNOW,
AND THEY DISAPPEARED THAT EVENIN' SOMEWHERE NORTH OF P Y DO.

NORTH OF P Y DO, NORTH OF P Y DO,
AND THEY DISAPPEARED THAT EVENIN' SOMEWHERE NORTH OF P Y DO.
GOIN' FAST, STAYIN' LOW,
AND THEY DISAPPEARED THAT EVENIN' SOMEWHERE NORTH OF P Y DO.

MY WAY

AND NOW, THE END IS NEAR, AND SO I FACE THE FINAL CURTAIN.
I LOST MY OUTBOARD TANKS, MY GUN, MY BOMBS, MY WINGS I'M CERTAIN.
I PLANNED THE MISSION WELL, I BRIEFED TO FLY RIGHT DOWN THE HIGHWAY.
I ARMED IT UP AND PICKLED ONCE, AND DID IT MY WAY.

REGRETS, I HAVE A FEW, THEY DISAPPROVED MY LAST EXTENSION,
THEY'VE CAST A JAUNDICED EYE UPON THE NEED FOR MY RETENTION.
I FLEW THE DAY BEFORE, I LOGGED MY TIME, NOT IN A SHY WAY.
I GUESS I SHOULD HAVE LOGGED MUCH MORE, BUT I DID IT MY WAY.

WELL, THERE WERE TIMES, I'M SURE YOU KNEW, WHEN YOU WERE
GOOD, BUT I WAS TOO.
THE SCORES CAME BACK, YOU HAD YOUR DOUBT, I'D WON IT ALL,
I'D CLEANED YOU OUT.
TODAY THAT'S CHANGED, I MISSED THE RANGE, BUT HIT THE HIGHWAY.

I'VE LOVED, I'VE LAUGHED AND CRIED, I'VE HAD MY FILL,
MY SHARE OF LOSING.
AND NOW THEY SAY I LIED, BUT I DON'T CARE, IT'S SO AMUSING.
MY BOSS DISCUSSED THE FLIGHT, EACH DETAILED STEP, ALONG THE BIWAY,
AND THEN HE SAID, "DON'T USE YOUR HEAD, JUST DO IT MY WAY."

BUT I'VE GOT TO STAND ON MY OWN TWO FEET, SO KEEP YOUR KIDS
OFF OF THE STREET.
I'VE GOT TO FLY, AND FIGHT, AND SING, TO KEEP MY COOL AND DO
MY THING.
I'LL CROSS THE SEAS, AND EVEN KILL THE TREES, BUT I'LL DO
IT MY WAY.

HYSTERIA

STUDY THIS, PRACTICE THAT, LEARN YOUR M Q F,
GET YOUR TAC CHECK DONE TODAY AND FLY AN F C F.
YOU WILL FIND YOU HAVE TIME TO EAT AND SLEEP AND BREATHE.
YOU'LL PRAY THAT YOUR BOSS WILL SEND YOU HOME C. LEAVE.

CHORUS: YOU MUST NOT ALLOW HYSTERIA, HYSTERIA, HYSTERIA,
IT'S A MENACE TO YOUR AREA, HYSTERIA TODAY.

AIR TO GROUND, AIR TO AIR, AIR REFUELING TOO.
THE P4 TAKES YOUR HEART AND MIND AND SOUL AND BODY TOO.
YOU CAN HAVE WHATEVER'S LEFT TO FINISH OUT THE YEAR,
TO TAKE SOME TESTS AND WRITE YOUR WIFE AND BUY YOURSELF A BEER.

CHORUS

YOU MIGHT THINK THAT ALL IS LOST, YOU'VE BEEN LEFT BEHIND.
TELL YOUR BOSS ABOUT IT AND HE'LL SAY IT'S ALL IN YOUR MIND.
YOU NEEDN'T WORRY, NEEDN'T PRET, YOU CAN MAKE IT THROUGH.
YOU'VE ONLY GOT A YEAR TO GO, JUST WATCH OUT WHAT YOU DO.

CHORUS.

I'M GOING HOME (Camptown Races)

I'M GOING HOME IN A BODY BAG, DO DAH, DO DAH.
I'M GOING HOME IN A BODY BAG, OH, DO DAH DAY.

I'M GOING HOME C O D,
UNCLE'LL PAY THE FEE.
I'M GOING HOME IN A BODY BAG, OH, DO DAH DAY.

BRONCO SONG

DEAR MOM, YOUR SON IS DEAD.
HE BOUGHT THE FARM TODAY.
HE CRASHED HIS OV-10 ON KIM IL SONG'S HIGHWAY.
IT WAS A ROCKET PASS AND HE BUSTED HIS ASS.
HMMM, HMMM, HMMM.

HE WENT ACROSS THE FENCE
TO SEE WHAT HE COULD SEE.
THERE IT WAS AS PLAIN AS IT COULD BE.
IT WAS A TRUCK ON THE ROAD WITH A BIG HEAVY LOAD.
HMMM, HMMM, HMMM.

HE GOT RIGHT ON THE HORN,
AND GAVE THE DASC A CALL.
"SEND ME AIR, I'VE GOT A TRUCK THAT'S STALLED."
THE DASC SAID, "THAT'S ALL RIGHT,
I'LL SEND YOU LETTER FLIGHT."
HMMM, HMMM, HMMM.

THOSE PHANTOMS CHECKED RIGHT IN.
GUNFIGHTER, TWO BY TWO,
LOW ON GAS AND TANKER OVERDUE.
THEY ASKED THE FAC TO MARK JUST WHERE THAT TRUCK WAS PARKED.
HMMM, HMMM, HMMM.

THAT BRONCO ROLLED RIGHT IN
WITH HIS SMOKE TO MARK
EXACTLY WHERE THAT TRUCK WAS PARKED.
NOW THE REST IS IN DOUBT,
CAUSE HE NEVER PULLED OUT.
HMMM, HMMM, HMMM.

DEAR MOM, YOUR SON IS DEAD.
HE BOUGHT THE FARM TODAY.
HE CRASHED HIS OV-10 ON KIM IL SONG'S HIGHWAY.
IT WAS A ROCKET PASS AND HE BUSTED HIS ASS.
HIM, HIM, FUCK HIM!

THE ONLY MAN

(Battle Hymn)

THE WING WAS BEGINNING TO TREMBLE AT THE UPCOMING CRI.
THEY WERE PENCIL-WHIPPING SQUARES AND FABRICATING LIES.
BUT THEY KNEW IT WOULD ALL DEPEND ON A ROAD FROM THE SKY,
FOR THEM TO PASS THE CRI.

CHORUS: GORY, GORY, WHAT A HELLUVA WAY TO DIE,
GORY, GORY, WHAT A HELLUVA WAY TO DIE,
GORY, GORY, WHAT A HELLUVA WAY TO DIE,
BUT THEY PASSED THE CRI.

THEY LOOKED AROUND AND TRIED TO FIND THEIR MOST PROFICIENT STUD.
BUT MAJOR WRIGHT WAS TDY AND SLEAZE WAS SMASHED ON BUD.
WHEN MASTER BATES HEARD THE PLAN, HE PACKED HIS BAGS AND RAN,
SO THEY TURNED TO "THE ONLY MAN".

HE CAME ON IN AT O-DARK-THIRTY, AFTER TWELVE HOURS OF REST.
HE MADE HIS FLIGHT PLAN, SIGNED THE LOG, AND DONNED HIS SURVIVAL
VEST.
HE WALKED ON OUT AND STARTED 'EM UP, AND VOWED HE'D DO HIS BEST.
AND IN PEACE MAY HE FOREVER REST.

HE VIOLATED AN AIRWAY WHILE DODGING CLOUDS IN WEATHER MOST SEVERE.
AND COXWAIN'S CONSTANT SHOUTING ONLY TENDED TO HEIGHTEN HIS FEAR,
AND WHEN THE TONE CUT OFF, THE GIB SAID, "WASN'T EVEN NEAR."
SO HE TERMINATED HIS CAREER.

THERE WAS BLOOD UPON HIS RISERS, THERE WAS GORE UPON HIS BOOTS.
HIS BRAINS WERE ALL A'SPLATTERED OVER HIS MARTIN-BAKER CHUTE.
BUT THEY JUDGED HIS WRECK SCORABLE, ONE THOUSAND FEET AT TWO,
AND THEY PASSED THE CRI.

UNCLE JOHN AND AUNTIE MABEL

(Hark, The Herald Angels Sing)

UNCLE JOHN AND AUNTIE MABEL PAINTED AT THE BREAKFAST TABLE,
THIS SHOULD BE SUFFICIENT WARNING, NEVER DO IT IN THE MORNING.

OVALTINE HAS SET THEM RIGHT, NOW THEY DO IT EVERY NIGHT,
UNCLE JOHN IS HOPING SOON TO DO IT IN THE AFTERNOON.

SIXTEEN TIMES
(Sixteen Tons)

SOME PEOPLE SAY A MAN IS MADE OUT OF FEAR,
BUT A FIGHTER PILOT'S MADE OUT OF WHISKEY AND BEER,
WHISKEY AND BEER, RUM AND GIN,
IF YOU FLY THE DOT, YOU'RE SURE TO SPIN IN.

CHORUS: YOU FLY SIXTEEN TIMES AND WHAT DO YOU GET?
ANOTHER DAY OLDER AND YOUR WEAPON IS BENT.
ST. PETER, DON'T YOU CALL ME, I'M NEAK AND LAKE,
I LOST MY ASS IN A POKER GAME.

I AWOKE ONE MORNING WHEN THE SUN DIDN'T SHINE,
GOT MY 'CHUTE AND WENT DOWN TO THE LINE,
DOWN TO THE LINE TO FLY THE F-4D,
BUT IT WAS RAINING SO HARD THAT I COULDN'T SEE.

THEY BLEW THE WHISTLE WHEN I WAS STILL IN THE RACK,
I THOUGHT, "MY GOD, WE ARE UNDER ATTACK."
RAN TO MY BIRD BUT IT WAS ALL IN VAIN,
WAS JUST ANOTHER SILLY FUCKING COMMAND POST GAME.

TOOK OFF ONE MORNING WITH BLOOD IN MY EYE,
I'D HAD MY FILL OF KIMCHI AND RYE,
PICKLED ON A BOMB PASS AND THE GUN FELL FREE.
THEY'RE GOING TO HANG MY ASS FROM THE NEAREST TREE.

WHEN YOU SEE ME COMING BETTER BREAK TO THE RIGHT,
CAUSE THE JUVATS AND THE PANTHERS HAD A PARTY LAST NIGHT.
MY EYEBALLS ARE RED AND I'M AS MEAN AS A BEAR,
BELIEVE ME, BUSTER, BETTER CLEAR THE AIR.

OH, RIP THE FEATHERS AWAY

OH, RIP THE FEATHERS AWAY, AWAY,
OH, RIP THE FEATHERS AWAY.
OH, THE ASS OF A DUCK
MAKES A WONDERFUL FUCK,
IF YOU RIP THE FEATHERS AWAY.

SAMMY SMALL

OH, MY NAME IS SAMMY SMALL, FUCK 'EM ALL,
OH, MY NAME IS SAMMY SMALL, FUCK 'EM ALL,
OH, MY NAME IS SAMMY SMALL, AND I ONLY HAVE ONE BALL,
BUT IT'S BETTER THAN NONE AT ALL, SO FUCK 'EM ALL.

OH, THEY SAY I SHOT A MAN, FUCK 'EM ALL,
OH, THEY SAY I SHOT A MAN, FUCK 'EM ALL,
THEY SAY I SHOT HIM DEAD WITH A PIECE OF FUCKING LEAD,
NOW THAT SILLY FUCKER'S DEAD, SO FUCK 'EM ALL.

OH, THEY SAY I'M GOING TO SWING, FUCK 'EM ALL,
OH, THEY SAY I'M GOING TO SWING, FUCK 'EM ALL,
OH, THEY SAY I'M GOING TO SWING FROM A PIECE OF FUCKING STRING,
WHAT A SILLY FUCKING THING, SO FUCK 'EM ALL.

OH, THE PARSON HE WILL COME, SO FUCK 'EM ALL,
OH, THE PARSON HE WILL COME, SO FUCK 'EM ALL,
OH, THE PARSON HE WILL COME WITH HIS TALES OF KINGDOM COME,
HE CAN SHOVE 'EM UP HIS BUM, SO FUCK 'EM ALL.

OH, THE HANGMAN WORE A MASK, FUCK 'EM ALL,
OH, THE HANGMAN WORE A MASK, FUCK 'EM ALL,
OH, THE HANGMAN WORE A MASK FOR HIS SILLY FUCKING TASK,
WHAT A SILLY FUCKING ASS, SO FUCK 'EM ALL.

OH, THE SHERIFF WILL BE THERE TOO, FUCK 'EM ALL,
OH, THE SHERIFF WILL BE THERE TOO, FUCK 'EM ALL,
OH, THE SHERIFF WILL BE THERE TOO WITH HIS SILLY FUCKING CREW,
THEY'VE GOT FUCK ALL ELSE TO DO, SO FUCK 'EM ALL.

I SAW MOLLY IN THE CROWD, FUCK 'EM ALL,
I SAW MOLLY IN THE CROWD, FUCK 'EM ALL,
I SAW MOLLY IN THE CROWD, AND I FELT SO FUCKING PROUD,
THAT I SHOUTED RIGHT OUT LOUD,

FUCK 'EM ALL.

PACAF IG'S COMING (Bad Moon A'Rising)

I SEE THE PACAF IG COMING,
I SEE TROUBLE ON THE WAY,
LOOKS LIKE WE'RE IN FOR NASTY WEATHER,
INCOMPETENCE WILL REIGN TODAY.

WATCH OUT FOR YOUR FLIGHT,
JUST TRY TO DO IT RIGHT,
PACAF MUST BE SATISFIED.

I HEAR THE SIREN START TO BLOWING,
I HEAR THEM POUNDING ON MY DOOR,
I HEAR THEM SAY THE SKY IS FALLING,
PACAF IS HERE TO SWEEP THE FLOOR.

WATCH OUT FOR YOUR FLIGHT,
JUST TRY TO DO IT RIGHT,
PACAF MUST BE SATISFIED.

HOPE YOU GOT YOUR STUFF TOGETHER,
HOPE YOU ARE QUITE PREPARED TO FLY,
YOUR CAP COULD STAND ANOTHER FEATHER,
SCREW UP AND KISS IT ALL GOODBYE.

WATCH OUT FOR YOUR FLIGHT,
JUST TRY TO DO IT RIGHT,
PACAF MUST BE SATISFIED.

THE AGGRESSORS

(Skip To The Lu, My Darling)

THIS IS OUR SONG TO THE T-38'S,
WHO'VE NEVER FIRED A SHOT IN A MOMENT OF HATE.
THEY TRAVEL AROUND VISITING ALL THE PACAF CREWS,
HUSTLING THEIR WOMEN AND DRINKING THEIR BOOZE.

CHORUS: DOWN, DOWN, SPIRALING DOWN (Repeat 3 times)
ANOTHER SMALL TRAINER WENT DOWN IN FLAMES.

THEY FEED US GREAT STORIES OF TRACKING OUR SIX,
WE KNOW IT'S JUST SOME OF THEIR DIRTY CLE TRICKS.
NOW THINK OF IT, GENTS, DON'T YOU THINK YOU'D LIE,
IN ORDER TO JUSTIFY ALL THAT FREE TDY.

NOW AIR TO AIR'S SHIT-HOT, TO THAT WE'LL AGREE,
BUT WE THINK A TRUE FIGHTER IS SOMETHING TO BE
SENT BOMBING AND STRAPING WITH AN OPTICAL SIGHT,
AND NOT JUST SOME WAG THAT YOU DREAMED UP LAST NIGHT.

THEY ARE TWO SEAT TRAINERS, BUT THEY'RE NOT ALL ALONE,
THEY NEED RADAR VECTORS TO FIND THEIR WAY HOME.
THEY TALK ABOUT TRACKING, BUT THAT'S HARD TO DO,
WHEN YOU'RE DODGING THE JET WASH THAT BIG UGLY SPEWS.

THE VICTOR ALERT SONG

(TUNE : A Few of My Favorite Things)

READING OUR PORN, PICKING OUR ASSES,
CHECKING THE FORMS OUT AND PASSING OUR GASES.
SILVER SLEEK B-61 STRAPPED BELOW, NUCLEAR WAR,
AND WE'RE READY TO GO.

OOMPH PA PA ... OOMPH PA PA ...

DEPARTING THE ORBIT, OUR PITS START TO SWEAT.
WE'LL ASSHOLE THOSE RUSKIES AND THAT'S A SURE BET.
KILLING THOSE FUCKERS AND COVERING THEM WITH DIRT,
THAT'S WHY WE LIKE SITTING VICTOR ALERT.

OOMPH PA PA ... OOMPH PA PA ...

FAGOTS AND PRESCOS, AND FISHEEDS AND FARMERS,
GOAS AND GAINFULS, AND BIG GODDAMN BOMBERS,
TUBBRICK AND CHEESEBRICK AND QUAD 23,
JUST THINKING OF IT SCARES THE SHIT OUT OF ME.

OOMPH PA PA ... OOMPH PA PA ...

WHEN THE COLONELS PING,
WHEN MY PHANTOM'S BROKE,
WHEN I'M FEELING SAD,
I THINK OF THAT GLORIOUS WHITE MUSHROOM CLOUD,
AND THEN I DON'T FEEL SO BAD.

HERE'S TO THE REGULAR AIR FORCE

(My Bonnie Lies Over the Ocean)

IN PEACETIME THE REGULARS ARE HAPPY.
IN PEACETIME THEY'RE HAPPY TO SERVE.
BUT LET THEM GET INTO A PRACAS,
AND THEY'LL CALL OUT THE GODDAMN RESERVES!

CHORUS: CALL OUT, CALL OUT,
CALL OUT THE GODDAMN RESERVES, RESERVES.
CALL OUT, CALL OUT,
OH, CALL OUT THE GODDAMN RESERVES.

HERE'S TO THE REGULAR AIR FORCE,
THEY HAVE SUCH A WONDERFUL PLAN.
THEY CALL UP THE GODDAMN RESERVIST,
WHENEVER THE SHIT HITS THE PAN!

THEY CALL UP EVERY OLD PILOT,
THEY CALL UP EVERY YOUNG MAN.
THE RESERVISTS THEY GO TO VIET NAM,
THE REGULARS STAY IN JAPAN!

THEY CALLED UP A DOZEN MORE SQUADRONS,
STAFFED BY A REGULAR CLASS.
BUT WHEN IT CAME TIME FOR PROMOTION,
THE RESERVISTS GOT SCREWED IN THE ASS!

HERE'S TO THE REGULAR AIR FORCE,
WITH MEDALS AND BADGES GALORE.
IF IT WEREN'T FOR THE GODDAMN RESERVIST,
THEIR ASS WOULD BE DRAGGING THE FLOOR!

CHORUS: FIGHT ON, FIGHT ON,
FIGHT ON, REGULAR AIR FORCE, FIGHT ON, FIGHT ON,
FIGHT ON, FIGHT ON,
FIGHT ON, REGULAR AIR FORCE, FIGHT ON!

BLESS 'EM ALL

BLESS 'EM ALL, BLESS 'EM ALL,
THE LONG AND THE SHORT AND THE TALL.
BLESS ALL THE INSTRUCTORS,
JHC TAUGHT ME TO FLY,
SENT ME UP SOLO AND LEFT ME TO DIE.
SO IF EVER YOUR BLOW JET SHOULD STALL,
YOU'RE IN FOR ONE HELL OF A FALL.
NO LILLYS OR VIOLETS FOR DEAD FIGHTER PILOTS,
SO CHEER UP MY LADS. BLESS 'EM ALL.

BLESS 'EM ALL, BLESS 'EM ALL,
THE LONG AND THE SHORT AND THE TALL,
BLESS ALL THE SERGEANTS,
THE FAT HEADED ONES,
BLESS ALL THE AIRMEN WITH THEIR DOPEY SONS,
CAUSE WE'RE SAYING GOOD-BYE TO THEM ALL,
THE LONG AND THE SHORT AND THE TALL.
THERE'LL BE NO PROMOTIONS THIS SIDE OF THE OCEAN,
SO WHILE WE ARE HERE, BLESS 'EM ALL.

ROLL ME OVER

NOW THIS IS NUMBER ONE AND THE SONG HAS JUST BEGUN.

CHORUS: ROLL ME OVER, LAY ME DOWN, AND DO IT AGAIN.
ROLL ME OVER IN THE CLOVER,
ROLL ME OVER, LAY ME DOWN, AND DO IT AGAIN.

NOW THIS IS NUMBER TWO, AND HE'S GOT ME IN A STEW.
 NOW THIS IS NUMBER THREE, AND HIS HAND IS ON MY KNEE.
 NOW THIS IS NUMBER FOUR, AND HE'S GOT ME ON THE FLOOR.
 NOW THIS IS NUMBER FIVE, AND HIS HAND IS ON MY THIGH.
 NOW THIS IS NUMBER SIX, AND HE'S GOT ME IN A FIX.
 NOW THIS IS NUMBER SEVEN, AND I THINK I AM IN HEAVEN.
 NOW THIS IS NUMBER EIGHT, AND THE DOCTOR'S AT THE GATE.
 NOW THIS IS NUMBER NINE, AND THE TWINS ARE DOING FINE.
 NOW THIS IS NUMBER TEN, AND HE'S STARTED ONCE AGAIN.

LET'S HAVE A PARTY

PARTIES MAKE THE WORLD GO AROUND,
WORLD GO ROUND, WORLD GO ROUND,
PARTIES MAKE THE WORLD GO AROUND,
SO LET'S HAVE A PARTY!

WE'RE GOING TO TEAR DOWN THE BAR IN OUR CLUB.
WE'RE GONNA BUILD A NEW BAR!
IT'S ONLY GONNA BE A FOOT WIDE.
BUT IT'LL BE A MILE LONG!
THERE'LL BE NO BARTENDERS IN OUR BAR.
WE'RE GONNA HAVE BARMAIDS!
OUR BARMAIDS WILL WEAR LONG DRESSES.
MADE OF CELLOPHANE!
YOU CAN'T TAKE OUR BARMAIDS HOME.
THEY'LL TAKE YOU HOME!
YOU CAN'T SLEEP WITH OUR BARMAIDS.
THEY WON'T LET YOU SLEEP!
BEER'S GONNA BE 50¢ A GLASS.
WHISKEY'S FREE!
ONLY ONE TO A CUSTOMER.
SERVED IN BUCKETS!
WE'RE GONNA THROW ALL THE BEER IN THE RIVER.
THEN WE'LL ALL GO SWIMMING!
NO COUCHES OR CHAIRS IN OUR CLUB.
JUST WALL TO WALL MATTRESSES!
NO GIRLS ALLOWED ABOVE THE FIRST FLOOR.
WITH THEIR CLOTHES ON!
THERE'LL BE NO LOVING ON THE DANCING FLOOR.
AND NO DANCING ON THE LOVING FLOOR!

BCC
RAY
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BCO
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BOO
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BOC
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BOC
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BOO
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BOO
RAY
BOO
RAY
BOO
RAY

PARTIES MAKE THE WORLD GO AROUND,
WORLD GO ROUND, WORLD GO ROUND,
PARTIES MAKE THE WORLD GO ROUND,
SO LET'S HAVE A PARTY!

JOLLY, JOLLY ENGLAND

CH, I DON'T WANT TO JOIN THE AIR FORCE,
I DON'T WANT TO GO TO WAR.
I JUST WANT TO SIT AROUND PICADILLY UNDERGROUND,
LIVIN' OFF THE EARNINGS OF MY HIGH CLASS LADY.

MONDAY, I TOUCHED HER ON THE ANKLE.
TUESDAY, I TOUCHED HER ON THE KNEE.
WEDNESDAY, SUCCESS, I LIFTED UP HER DRESS.
THURSDAY, HER CHEMISE I DID SEE.
FRIDAY, I PUT MY HAND UPON IT.
SATURDAY, SHE GAVE ME BALLS A TWEAK.
BUT IT WAS SUNDAY AFTER SUPPER, I RAMMED THE OLD BOY UP HER.
AND NOW SHE GIVES ME SEVEN AND SIX A WEEK, GOR BLIMEY.

CH, I DON'T WANT TO JOIN THE AIR FORCE,
I DON'T WANT ME BUTTOCKS SHOT AWAY,
I JUST WANT TO STAY IN ENGLAND, IN JOLLY, JOLLY, ENGLAND,
AND FORNIFICATE MY BLOOMIN' LIFE AWAY.

THERE WAS A LITTLE BIRD

THERE WAS A LITTLE BIRD,
NO BIGGER THAN A TURD,
SITTING ON A TELEGRAPH POLE.
OH, HE RUFFLED UP HIS NECK,
AND HE SHIT ABOUT A PECK.
THEN HE PUCKERED UP
HIS LITTLE ASS HOLE.

ASS HOLE, ASS HOLE,
ASS HOLE, ASS HO-LE.
OH, HE PUCKERED UP
HIS LITTLE ASS HOLE.

GIVE ME OPERATIONS

DON'T GIVE ME A P-38, THE PROPS THEY COUNTER-ROTATE.
THEY'RE SCATTERED AND SMITTEN FROM BURMA TO BRITAIN,
DON'T GIVE ME A P-38.

CHORUS: JUST GIVE ME OPERATIONS,
WAY OUT ON SOME LONELY ATOLL,
FOR I AM TOO YOUNG TO DIE,
I JUST WANT TO GROW OLD.

DON'T GIVE ME A P-39, THE ENGINE IS MOUNTED BEHIND,
THEY'LL TUMBLE AND SPIN AND AUGER YOU IN,
DON'T GIVE ME A P-39.

DON'T GIVE ME A PETER-FOUR-OH, A HELL OF AN AIRPLANE I KNOW,
A GROUND LOOPIN' BASTARD, YOU'RE SURE TO GET PLASTERED,
DON'T GIVE ME A PETER-FOUR-OH.

DON'T GIVE ME AN F-84, SHE'S JUST A GROUND LOVING WHORE,
SHE'LL WHINE AND SHE'LL WHEEZE AND MAKE STRAIGHT FOR THE TREES,
DON'T GIVE ME AN F-84.

DON'T GIVE ME AN '86D, WITH ROCKETS, RADAR AND AB,
SHE'S FAST I DON'T CARE, SHE BLOWS UP IN MID-AIR,
DON'T GIVE ME AN '86D.

DON'T GIVE ME A ONE-DOUBLE-OH, THE BASTARD IS READY TO BLOW,
THE AB IS THERE, BUT YOU'RE SAYING A PRAYER,
DON'T GIVE ME A ONE-DOUBLE-OH.

DON'T GIVE ME AN F-101, A RAT-RACE IN HER IS NO FUN,
WHEN YOU'RE TRYING TO WIN, SHE'LL START TO DIG IN,
DON'T GIVE ME AN F-101.

DON'T GIVE ME AN F-102, IT NEVER GOES UP WHEN IT'S BLUE,
AN ALL WEATHER COFFIN, THAT FLAMES OUT SO OFTEN,
DON'T GIVE ME AN F-102.

DON'T GIVE ME AN F-104, WITH COMPRESSOR STALLS GALORE,
THE WING IS SO SMALL, YOU CAN'T TURN AT ALL,
DON'T GIVE ME AN F-104.

DON'T GIVE ME AN F-105, IN THAT BIG HOG GUYS DON'T STAY ALIVE,
AND YOU KNOW YOU'VE BEEN DIDDLED WHEN SHE BREAKS IN THE MIDDLE,
DON'T GIVE ME AN F-105.

THROW A NICKLE ON THE GRASS

CHORUS: OH HALLEUJAH, HALLEUJAH, THROW A NICKLE ON THE GRASS,
SAVE A FIGHTER PILOT'S ASS.
OH HALLEUJAH, HALLEUJAH, THROW A NICKLE ON THE GRASS,
AND YOU'LL BE SAVED.

I WAS CRUISING DOWN THE VALLEY, DOING SIX AND TWENTY PER,
WHEN A CALL CAME FROM A MAJOR, "CH, WON'T YOU SAVE ME, SIR?
I'VE GOT THREE BIG FLAK HOLES IN MY WINGS, AND MY TANKS
AIN'T GOT NO GAS.
MAYDAY, MAYDAY, MAYDAY, I'VE GOT SIX MIGS ON MY ASS."

I SHOT THE TRAFFIC PATTERN, AND TO ME IT LOOKED ALL RIGHT.
THE AIRSPEED READ ONE-FIFTY, I REALLY RACKED IT TIGHT.
THEN THE AIRFRAME GAVE A SHUDDER, THE ENGINES GAVE A WHEEZE.
MAYDAY, MAYDAY, MAYDAY, SPIN INSTRUCTIONS PLEASE.

SHOT MY CROSSWIND PATTERN, THE LEFT WING HIT THE GROUND.
THERE CAME A CALL FROM MOBILE, "PULL UP AND GO AROUND."
I RACKED THAT PHANTOM IN THE AIR A DOZEN FEET OR MORE.
ONE ENGINE QUIT, I ALMOST SHIT, THE GEAR CAME THRU THE FLOOR.

IT WAS SPLIT S ON MY BOMB RUN, AND I GOT TOO GODDAMN LOW,
BUT I PRESSED THE BLOODY BUTTON, AND I LET THOSE BABIES GO.
SUCKED THE STICK BACK FAST AS BLAZES, AND I HIT A HIGH SPEED
STALL.

NOW I WON'T SEE MY MOTHER WHEN THE WORK'S ALL DONE NEXT FALL.

THEY SENT ME UP TO HANOI, THE BRIEF SAID, "NO ACK ACK."
BY THE TIME I ARRIVED THERE MY WINGS WERE HOLED BY FLAK.
THEN MY ENGINES COUGHED AND SPUTTERED, THEY WERE TOO CUT UP TO FLY.
MAYDAY, MAYDAY, MAYDAY, I'M TOO YOUNG TO DIE.

I PUNCHED OUT OF THAT PHANTOM, MY LANDING CAME OUT FINE.
WITH MY E&E EQUIPMENT, I HEADED FOR OUR FRONT LINE,
WHEN I OPENED UP MY SEAT KIT TO SEE WHAT WAS IN IT,
THAT GODDAMN QUARTERMASTER HAD FILLED THE THING WITH SHIT.

NOW IN THIS COMMIE PRISON CAMP, I AM OBLIGED TO SIT,
FOR ONE CANNOT GO VERY FAR ON A SEAT KIT FULL OF SHIT.
IF I AM EVER FREE AGAIN, I WILL NO LONGER FLY,
BUT I'LL HAVE THE QUARTERMASTER'S ASS FOR BREAKFAST TILL I DIE.

I WANTED WINGS

I WANTED WINGS TILL I GOT THE GODDAMNED THINGS,
NOW I DON'T WANT THEM ANY MORE,
THEY TAUGHT ME HOW TO FLY, THEN SENT ME OFF TO DIE.
WELL, I'VE HAD A BELLY FULL OF RAP,
YOU CAN SAVE THOSE BLOODY ZERGES FOR THE OTHER GODDAMN HEROES,
DISTINGUISHED FLYING CROSSES DO NOT COMPENSATE FOR LOSSES, BUSTER.

CHORUS: I WANTED WINGS TILL I GOT THE GODDAMNED THINGS,
NOW I DON'T WANT THEM ANY MORE.

YES, I'LL TAKE THE DAMES, LET THE REST GO DOWN IN FLAMES,
I HAVE NO DESIRE TO BE BURNED;
AIR COMBAT SPELLED ROMANCE TILL THEY SHOT HOLES IN MY PANTS,
I'M NOT A FIGHTER I HAVE LEARNED;
YOU CAN SAVE THE MITSUBISHIS FOR THE OTHER SONS OF BITCHES,
I'D RATHER MAKE A WOMAN THAN BE SHOT DOWN IN A GRUMMAN, BUSTER.

NOW I'M TOO YOUNG TO DIE IN A LOUSY PBY,
THAT'S FOR THE EAGER, NOT FOR ME,
I DON'T TRUST IN MY LUCK TO BE PICKED UP BY A DUCK,
AFTER I'VE CRASHED INTO THE SEA;
YES, I'D RATHER BE A TARRIER THAN A FLIER ON A CARRIER,
WITH MY HAND AROUND A BOTTLE, YOU CAN KEEP YOUR GODDAMNED
THROTTLE, BUSTER.

I DO NOT CARE TO TOUR OVER BERLIN AND THE RUHR,
FLAK ALWAYS MAKES ME LOSE MY LUNCH,
I GET AN UNGE TO PRAY WHEN THEY HOLLER, "BOMBS AWAY."
I'D RATHER BE AT HOME WITH THE BUNCH,
FOR THERE'S ONE THING YOU CAN'T LAUGH OFF,
WHEN THEY SHOOT YOUR TAILPIPE HALF OFF,
I'D RATHER BE HOME, BUSTER, WITH MY TAIL THAN WITH A CLUSTER,
BUSTER.

THEY FEED US LOUSY CHOW, BUT WE STAY ALIVE SOMEHOW,
ON DEHYDRATED EGGS AND MILK AND STEW,
THE RUMOR HAS IT NEXT THEY'LL BE DEHYDRATING SEX,
AND THAT'S THE DAY I'LL TELL THE COACH I'M THROUGH.
FOR I'VE MANAGED ALL THE DANGERS, THE SHOOTING BACK OF STRANGERS,
BUT WHEN I GET HOME LATE, I WANT MY WOMAN STRAIGHT, BUSTER.

BOOZIN' BUDDIES

A YOUNG FIGHTER PILOT LAY DYING, THE MEDICS SAID HE WAS DEAD.
ALL AROUND HIM WOMEN WERE CRYING, AND THESE ARE THE WORDS
HE SAID:

TAKE THE TAILPIPE OUT OF MY BACKBONE,
TAKE THE GUNSIGHT OUT OF MY BRAIN,
TAKE THE FUEL PIPE OUT OF MY KIDNEYS,
ASSEMBLE THE UNIT AGAIN - - - FOR,

WE ARE THE BOYS WHO FLY HIGH IN THE SKY,
BOOZIN' BUDDIES WHILE BOOZIN' (Drink),
WE ARE THE BOYS THAT THEY SEND OUT TO DIE,
BOOZIN' BUDDIES WHILE BOOZIN' (Drink),

UP IN HEADQUARTERS THEY LAUGH AND THEY SHOUT,
TALKING ABOUT THINGS THEY KNOW NOTHING ABOUT!

BUT WE ARE THE BOYS THAT THEY SEND OUT TO DIE,
BOOZIN' BUDDIES WHILE BOOZIN' (Drink),
(Lower) BOOZIN' BUDDIES WHILE BOOZIN' (Drink),
(Very Low) BOOZIN' BUDDIES WHILE BOOZIN' (Chug-a-lug).

MY WILD IRISH ROSE

MY WILD IRISH ROSE, THE SWEETEST FLOWER THAT GROWS.
YOU MAY SEARCH EVERYWHERE, BUT NONE CAN COMPARE,
WITH MY WILD IRISH ROSE, THE SWEETEST FLOWER THAT GROWS.
AND SOME DAY FOR MY SAKE, SHE MAY LET ME TAKE
THE BLOOM FROM MY WILD IRISH ROSE.

ITAZUKE TOWER

(Nabash Cannonball)

"ITAZUKE TOWER, THIS IS AIR FORCE 801.
I'M TURNING ON THE DOWNWIND LEG, MY PROP HAS OVERRUN;
MY COOLANT'S OVERHEATED, THE GAUGE SAYS 1-2-1,
YOU'D BETTER GET THE CRASH CREW OUT AND GET THEM ON THE RUN."

"LISTEN, AIR FORCE 801, THIS IS ITAZUKE TOWER,
I CANNOT CALL THE CRASH CREW OUT, THIS IS THEIR COFFEE HOUR;
YOU'RE NOT CLEARED IN THE PATTERN, NOW THAT IS PLAIN TO SEE.
SO TAKE IT ONCE AROUND AGAIN, YOU'RE NOT A VIP."

"ITAZUKE TOWER, THIS IS AIR FORCE 801,
I'M TURNING ON MY FINAL, I'M RUNNING ON ONE LUNG,
I'M GONNA LAND THIS MUSTANG NO MATTER WHAT YOU SAY,
I'M GONNA GET MY CHARTS SQUARED UP BEFORE THAT JUDGMENT DAY."

"NOW LISTEN, AIR FORCE 801, THIS IS ITAZUKE TOWER,
WE'D LIKE TO LET YOU IN RIGHT NOW, BUT WE HAVEN'T GOT THE POWER.
WE'LL SEND A NOTE THROUGH CHANNELS AND WAIT FOR THE REPLY,
UNTIL WE GET PERMISSION BACK, JUST CHASE AROUND THE SKY."

"ITAZUKE TOWER, THIS IS AIR FORCE 801,
I'M UP IN PILOT'S HEAVEN AND MY FLYING DAYS ARE DONE;
I'M SORRY THAT I BLEW UP, I COULDN'T MAKE THE GRADE,
I GUESS I SHOULD HAVE WAITED TILL THE LANDING WAS OKAYED."

WOULD YOU LIKE TO SIT ON MY FACE

WOULD YOU LIKE TO SIT ON MY FACE,
SPREAD YOUR ASS ALL OVER THE PLACE,
STICK MY NOSE IN A FRAGRANT SPACE,
OR WOULD YOU RATHER SUCK MY HOG!

FIGHTER PILOTS

OH, THERE ARE NO FIGHTER PILOTS DOWN IN HELL,
OH, THERE ARE NO FIGHTER PILOTS DOWN IN HELL,
THE PLACE IS FULL OF QUEERS, NAVIGATORS, BOMBARDIERS,
OH, THERE ARE NO FIGHTER PILOTS DOWN IN HELL.

OH, THERE ARE NO FIGHTER PILOTS IN THE STATES,
OH, THERE ARE NO FIGHTER PILOTS IN THE STATES,
THEY ARE OFF ON FOREIGN SHORES, MAKING MOTHERS OUT OF WHORES,
OH, THERE ARE NO FIGHTER PILOTS IN THE STATES.

OH, THERE ARE NO FIGHTER PILOTS IN JAPAN,
OH, THERE ARE NO FIGHTER PILOTS IN JAPAN,
THEY ARE ALL ACROSS THE BAY, GETTING SHOT AT EVERY DAY,
OH, THERE ARE NO FIGHTER PILOTS IN JAPAN.

OH, THERE ARE NO BOMBER PILOTS IN THE FRAY,
OH, THERE ARE NO BOMBER PILOTS IN THE FRAY,
THEY'RE ALL IN USO'S, WEARING RIBBONS, FANCY CLOTHES,
OH, THERE ARE NO BOMBER PILOTS IN THE FRAY.

OH, THE BOMBER PILOT'S LIFE IS JUST A FARCE,
OH, THE BOMBER PILOT'S LIFE IS JUST A FARCE,
THE AUTO PILOT'S ON, HE'S READING COMICS IN THE JOHN,
OH, THE BOMBER PILOT'S LIFE IS JUST A FARCE.

OH, THE BOMBER PILOT NEVER TAKES A DARE,
OH, THE BOMBER PILOT NEVER TAKES A DARE,
HIS GYROS ARE UNCAGED, AND HIS WOMEN OVERAGED,
OH, THE BOMBER PILOT NEVER TAKES A DARE.

OH, THERE ARE NO FIGHTER PILOTS UP IN WING,
OH, THERE ARE NO FIGHTER PILOTS UP IN WING,
THE PLACE IS FULL OF BRASS, SITTING ON THEIR FAT ASS,
OH, THERE ARE NO FIGHTER PILOTS UP IN WING.

OH, IT'S NAUGHTY, NAUGHTY, NAUGHTY, BUT IT'S NICE,
OH, IT'S NAUGHTY, NAUGHTY, NAUGHTY, BUT IT'S NICE,
IT'LL WRECK YOUR REPUTATION, BUT INCREASE THE POPULATION,
OH, IT'S NAUGHTY, NAUGHTY, NAUGHTY, BUT IT'S NICE.

COME AND JOIN THE AIR FORCE

COME ON AND JOIN THE AIR FORCE, WE'RE A HAPPY BAND THEY SAY.
WE NEVER DO A LICK OF WORK, JUST FLY AROUND ALL DAY.
WHILE OTHERS WORK AND STUDY HARD AND SOON GROW OLD AND BLIND,
YOU'LL TAKE TO THE AIR WITHOUT A CARE AND YOU WILL NEVER MIND.

CHORUS: YOU'LL NEVER MIND, YOU'LL NEVER MIND.
OH, COME AND JOIN THE AIR FORCE,
AND YOU WILL NEVER MIND!

PROMOTIONS COME UPON YOU JUST AS HIGH AS YOU DESIRE,
YOU'RE RIDING ON THE GRAVY TRAIN WHEN YOU'RE AN AIR FORCE FLYER.
BUT JUST WHEN YOU'RE ABOUT TO BE A GENERAL, YOU'LL FIND
THE ENGINES COUGH, THE WINGS FALL OFF, AND YOU WILL NEVER MIND.

ONE DAY YOU'LL LOOP AND SPIN HER AND WITH AN AWFUL TEAR,
YOU'LL FIND YOURSELF WITHOUT YOUR WINGS BUT YOU WILL NEVER CARE,
FOR IN ABOUT TWO MINUTES MORE ANOTHER PAIR YOU'LL FIND.
YOU'LL FLY WITH PETE AND HIS ANGELS SWEET AND YOU WILL NEVER MIND.

YOU'RE FLYING ACROSS THE OCEAN WHEN YOU HEAR YOUR ENGINE SPIT.
YOU SEE THE PROP COME TO A STOP, THE GODDAMN ENGINE'S QUIT.
THE SHIP WON'T FLOAT, YOU CANNOT SWIM, THE SHORE IS MILES BEHIND.
YOU'LL BE A DISH FOR HAPPY FISH, BUT YOU WILL NEVER MIND.

I'M FLYING IN MY P86 ALONG THE YALU SHORE.
I'M LOYAL TO THE AIR FORCE, BUT I'M ROTTEN TO THE CORE.
I'VE ONLY GOT ONE ENGINE, JACK, AND IF THAT BASTARD QUILTS,
IT WILL BE UP THERE ALL BY ITSELF, CAUSE I'M THE KIND THAT GITS.

MAYBE YOU'LL RIDE THE GRAVY TRAIN IN ADMINISTRATIVE WORK,
LET OTHER GUYS LIGHT UP THE SKIES, WHY SHOULD YOU BE A JERK.
YOU'LL MEET THAT HIGHER OFFICER TO WHOM YOU'VE BEEN ASSIGNED,
WITH YOUR NOSE IN PLACE, AND I DON'T MEAN ON YOUR FACE, YOU
WILL NEVER MIND.

FIGHTER PILOTS EAT PUSSY

CHORUS: AYE, AYE, AYE, AYE.
FIGHTER PILOTS EAT PUSSY*
SO LET'S HAVE ANOTHER VERSE
THAT'S WORSE THAN THE OTHER VERSE,
AND WALTZ ME AROUND BY MY WILLIE.

*Subject to change
at frequent intervals

THERE WAS A YOUNG MAN FROM BOSTON,
WHO TRADED HIS CAR FOR AN AUSTIN,
THERE WAS ROOM FOR HIS ASS AND A GALLON OF GAS,
BUT HIS BALLS HUNG OUT AND HE LOST 'EM.

THERE WAS A YOUNG MAN FROM DUNDEE,
WHO BUGGERED AN APE IN A TREE,
THE RESULT WAS MOST HORRID, ALL ASS AND NO FOREHEAD,
THREE BALLS AND A PURPLE GCATEE.

THERE WAS A YOUNG MAN FROM KILDAIR,
WHO BUGGERED HIS GIRL ON THE STAIR,
THE BANNISTER BROKE, HE DOUBLED HIS STROKE,
AND FINISHED HER OFF IN MID-AIR.

THERE WAS A YOUNG QUEER FROM KHARTOON,
WHO TOOK A YOUNG LESBIAN TO HIS ROOM,
THEY ARGUED ALL NIGHT, AS TO WHO HAD THE RIGHT,
TO DO WHAT, WITH WHICH, AND TO WHOM.

THERE WAS A PROFESSOR FROM THE MALL,
WHO POSSESSED A CYLINDRICAL BALL,
THE CUBE ROOT OF ITS WEIGHT, PLUS HIS PENIS, PLUS EIGHT,
WAS ONE HALF OF TWO THIRDS OF FUCK ALL.

THERE WAS A YOUNG GIRL FROM ST. PAUL,
WHO WORE A NEWSPAPER DRESS TO A BALL,
HER DRESS CAUGHT ON FIRE, AND BURNED HER ENTIRE
FRONT PAGE, SPORTS SECTION AND ALL.

THERE WAS A YOUNG LADY FROM WHEELING,
WHO HAD A PECULIAR FEELING,
SHE LAID ON HER BACK, AND TICKLED HER CRACK,
AND PISSED ALL OVER THE CEILING.

FIGHTER PILOTS EAT PUSSY Continued

THERE WAS A YOUNG MAN FROM NANTUCKET,
WHOSE DICK WAS SO LONG HE COULD SUCK IT,
HE SAID WITH A GRIN, AS HE WIPED OFF HIS CHIN,
"IF MY EAR WERE A CUNT, I WOULD FUCK IT."

THERE WAS A YOUNG MAN FROM KENT,
WHOSE DICK WAS SO LONG THAT IT BENT,
TO SAVE HIMSELF TROUBLE, HE PUT IT IN DOUBLE,
AND INSTEAD OF COMING, HE JENT.

THERE ONCE WAS A MAN OF CLASS,
WHOSE BALLS WERE MADE OF BRASS,
WHEN THEY SAUNG TOGETHER, THEY PLAYED "STORMY WEATHER",
AND LIGHTNING SHOT OUT OF HIS ASS.

THERE ONCE WAS A GIRL FROM FRANCE,
WHO BOARDED A TRAIN BY CHANCE,
THE ENGINEER FUCKED HER, AND SO'D THE CONDUCTOR,
AND THE BRAKEMAN JENT OFF IN HIS PANTS.

THERE ONCE WAS A MAN FROM BOMBAY,
WHO FASHIONED A CUNT OUT OF CLAY,
THE HEAT OF HIS PRICK TURNED THE CLAY INTO BRICK,
AND RUBBED ALL HIS FORESKIN AWAY.

THERE ONCE WAS A GIRL NAMED GAIL,
BETWEEN HER TITS WAS THE PRICE OF HER TAIL,
AND ON HER BEHIND, FOR THE SAKE OF THE BLIND,
WAS THE SAME INFORMATION IN BRAILLE.

THERE WAS A YOUNG MAN FROM BROCK,
WHO TIED A VIOLIN STRING TO HIS COCK,
WITH JUST ONE ERECTION, HE COULD PLAY A SELECTION
FROM JOHANN SEBASTIAN BACH.

THERE WAS A YOUNG MAN FROM SPARTA,
WHO WAS THE WORLD'S CHAMPION PARTER,
ON THE STRENGTH OF ONE BEAN, HE PLAYED "GOD SAVE THE QUEEN",
AND BEETHOVEN'S "MOONLIGHT SONATA."

THERE ONCE WAS A MAN FROM RANGOON,
WHO WAS BORN BY THE LIGHT OF THE MOON,
HE HAD NOT THE LUCK, TO BE BORN OF A FUCK,
BUT WAS A NET DREAM SCOOPED UP IN A SPOON.

FIGHTER PILOTS EAT FUSSY Continued

THERE ONCE WAS A BOY FROM BAELARIDGE,
AND HE WAS HIS PARENTS' DISPARAGE,
HE SUCKED OFF HIS BROTHER, WENT DOWN ON HIS MOTHER,
AND ATE UP HIS SISTER'S MISCARRIAGE.

THERE ONCE WAS A MAN FROM TRIESTE,
WHO LOVED HIS WIFE WITH ZEST,
DESPITE ALL HER MOILS, HE SUCKED OUT HER BOWELS,
AND DEPOSITED THE MESS OF HER BREAST.

IN THE GARDEN OF EDEN SAT ADAM,
WITH HIS HAND ON THE BUTT OF HIS MADAM,
HE CHUCKLED WITH MIRTH, FOR HE KNEW ON THIS EARTH,
THERE WERE ONLY TWO BALLS AND HE HAD 'EM.

THERE WAS AN OLD HERMIT NAMED DAVE,
WHO KEPT A DEAD WHORE IN HIS CAVE,
HE SAID, "I'LL ADMIT, I'M A BIT OF A SHIT,
BUT THINK OF THE MONEY I SAVE."

THERE ONCE WAS A GIRL NAMED ALICE,
WHO USED A DYNAMITE STICK FOR A PHALLUS,
THEY FOUND HER VAGINA IN SOUTH CAROLINA,
AND HER TITS JUST THIS SIDE OF DALLAS.

AN ARGENTINE GAUCHO NAMED BRUNO,
SAID, "FUCKING IS ONE THING I DO KNOW,
ALL WOMEN ARE FINE, AND SHEEP ARE DIVINE,
BUT LLAMAS ARE NUMERO UNO."

THERE ONCE WAS A MAN FROM CHALLOT,
WHO DINED ON VOMIT AND SHOT,
HE SAID, "IT'S A BREEZE", AS HE ATE THE GREEN CHEESE,
THAT HUNG FROM HIS GRANDMOTHER'S TWAT.

THERE WAS A YOUNG MAN FROM NEW BRIGHTON,
WHO SAID, "MY DEAR, YOU'VE A TIGHT ONE."
SAID SHE, "UPON MY SOUL, YOU HAVE THE WRONG HOLE,
IT'S THE ONE UP IN FRONT THAT'S THE RIGHT ONE."

THERE WAS A MAN FROM ST. JAMES,
WHO PLAYED MOST UNUSUAL GAMES,
HE LIT A MATCH TO HIS GRANDMOTHER'S SNATCH,
AND LAUGHED AS SHE PISSSED THROUGH THE FLAMES.

FIGHTER PILOTS EAT FUSSY Continued

THERE ONCE WAS A MAN NAMED McGRUDER,
WHO WOODED A NUDE IN BERMUDA,
HOW THE NUDE THOUGHT IT CRUDE, TO BE WOODED IN THE NUDE,
BUT McGRUDER WAS CRUDE, HE SCREWED HER.

THERE WAS A YOUNG MAN FROM KEITH,
WHO SKINNED BACK PRICKS WITH HIS TEETH,
IT WASN'T FOR PLEASURE, HE ADOPTED THIS MEASURE,
BUT FOR THE CHEESE HE FOUND UNDERNEATH.

THERE ONCE WAS A GIRL FROM THE AZORES,
WHOSE CUNT WAS ALL COVERED WITH SORES,
THE DOGS IN THE STREET WOULD NOT EAT THE GREEN MEAT,
THAT HUNG IN FESTOONS FROM HER DRAWERS.

THERE WAS A YOUNG GIRL NAMED MYRTLE,
WHO WAS RAPED ON THE BEACH BY A TURTLE,
THE RESULTS OF THE PUCK WERE TWO EGGS AND A DUCK,
WHICH PROVED THAT THE TURTLE WAS FERTILE.

THERE WAS A YOUNG LADY FROM TWILLING,
WHO WENT TO THE DENTIST FOR A DRILLING,
BUT BECAUSE OF DEPRAVITY, HE FILLED THE WRONG CAVITY,
AND NOW SHE'S NURSING HER FILLING.

THERE ONCE WAS A PIRATE NAMED BATES,
WHO FANDANGLED ON ROLLER SKATES,
TILL HE FELL ON HIS CUTLASS, WHICH RENDERED HIM NUTLESS,
AND NOW HE IS USELESS ON DATES.

THERE ONCE WAS A MAN FROM SAVANNAH,
WITH A MOST PECULIAR MANNER,
HE BORED A HOLE IN A TELEPHONE POLE,
AND ELECTROCUTED HIS BANANA.

THERE ONCE WAS A MAN FROM PERU,
WHO FELL ASLEEP WHILE IN HIS CANOE,
HE DREAMED ABOUT VENUS AND PLAYED WITH HIS PENIS,
AND AWOKE WITH A HAND FULL OF GOO.

THERE ONCE WAS A MAN FROM MCLINE,
WHO INVENTED A JACK-OFF MACHINE,
ON THE NINETY-NINTH STROKE, THE GODDAMN THING BROKE,
AND RIPPED HIS BALLS OFF BEFORE HE COULD SCREAM.

FIGHTER PILOTS EAT PUSSY Continued

THERE ONCE WAS A FARMER NAMED FRITZ,
WHO PLANTED AN ACRE OF TITS,
THEY CAME UP IN THE FALL, PINK NIPPLES AND ALL,
AND HE LITERALLY CHEWED THEM TO BITS.

THERE ONCE WAS A MAN FROM ALGIERS,
WHO SCREWED HIS WIFE UNDER THE PIERS,
A FISH CAME ALONG AND BIT OFF HIS DONG,
SO HE ORDERED A NEW ONE FROM SEARS.

THERE ONCE WAS A GIRL FROM NORWAY,
WHO HUNG BY HER HEELS IN THE DOORWAY,
SHE SAID WITH A GRIN TO HER BOYFRIEND,
"I THINK I'VE DISCOVERED ONE MORE WAY."

THERE WAS A YOUNG MAN FROM ISIS,
WHO HAD BALLS OF TWO DIFFERENT SIZES,
ONE WAS SO SMALL, IT WAS NOTHING AT ALL,
THE OTHER WAS HUGE AND WON PRIZES.

THERE ONCE WAS A PILOT FROM THE ZOO,
WHO BUGGERED A GIRL DOWN IN TAEGU,
HE SAID TO THE DOC, AS HE HANDLED HIM HIS COCK,
"WILL I LOSE BOTH MY TESTICLES, TOO?"

THERE ONCE WAS A YOUNG BISHOP FROM BIRMINGHAM,
WHO DIDDLED THE NUNS WHILE CONFIRMING 'EM,
HE BROUGHT THEM INDOORS, SLIPPED DOWN THEIR DRAWERS,
AND SLIPPED HIS EPISCOPAL WORM IN 'EM.

FUNCTION JUNCTION

ARE YOU FROM FUNCTION, FROM FUNCTION JUNCTION?
WHERE THE DOUBLE FUNCTION SUCTION PUMPS ARE MADE?
ARE YOU FROM FUNCTION, FROM FUNCTION JUNCTION?
WELL, I'M FROM FUNCTION TOO.

I LOVE A BILLBOARD, I ALWAYS WILL,
BECAUSE A BILLBOARD GIVES ME SUCH A THRILL.
WHEN I WAS A LITTLE CHILD,
A HORNEY BILLBOARD DROVE ME WILD.

VIT MEIN HAND ON MEIN SELF

VIT MEIN HAND ON MEIN SELF,
VAS IST DAS HERE?
DAS IST MEIN THINK-BOXER, MY MOMMA DEAR.
THINK-BOXER: INKY, DINKY, DO.
DAT'S VAT VE LEARN IN DA SCHOL!

VIT MEIN HAND ON MEIN SELF,
VAS IST DAS HERE?
DAS IST MEIN EIN-BLINKER, MY MOMMA DEAR.
EIN-BLINKER, THINK-BOXER: INKY, DINKY, DO.
DAT'S VAT VE LEARN IN DA SCHOOL!

REPEAT USING: SCHNATT-LOCKER
BULL-SHITTER
MILK-SHAKER (High Voiced)
STINK-BOXER
TROUBLE-MAKER
KNEE-BENDER
ASS-KICKER

SWING LOW SWEET CHARIOT

SWING LOW, SWEET CHARIOT, COMING FOR TO CARRY ME HOME.
SWING LOW, SWEET CHARIOT, COMING FOR TO CARRY ME HOME.
I LOOKED OVER JORDAN AND WHAT DID I SEE,
COMING FOR TO CARRY ME HOME?
A BAND OF ANGELS, COMING AFTER ME,
COMING FOR TO CARRY ME HOME.

1ST RENDITION - SING WITH GESTURES
2ND RENDITION - HUM WITH GESTURES
3RD RENDITION - GESTURES ONLY

IT'S A LIE

BY THE RING AROUND HIS EYE, YOU CAN TELL A BOMBADIER.
YOU CAN TELL A BOMBER PILOT BY THE SPREAD ACROSS HIS REAR.
YOU CAN TELL A NAVIGATOR BY HIS SEXTANTS, CHARTS AND SUCH.
YOU CAN TELL A FIGHTER PILOT, BUT YOU CAN NOT TELL HIM MUCH!

CHORUS: IT'S A LIE. IT'S A LIE.
YOU CAN TELL THE SILLY BASTARDS IT'S A LIE, LIE, LIE.
IT'S A LIE. IT'S A LIE.
YOU CAN TELL THE SILLY BASTARDS IT'S A SILLY FUCKING LIE.

FIRST LADY FORWARD, AND THE SECOND LADY BACK.
THIRD LADY'S FINGER UP THE FOURTH LADY'S CRACK.
NOW ALL GATHER ROUND TO THE CENTER OF THE ROOM.
WILL THE LADY WHO JUST PARTED KINDLY LEAVE THE FUCKING ROOM?

CHORUS

FLYING FUCKING FIGHTERS DOWN AT FORTY FUCKING FEET,
THROUGH THE FUCKING SNOW AND EVEN THROUGH THE FUCKING SLEET.
FIRST YOU'RE FLYING FUCKING UP AND THEN YOU'RE FLYING FUCKING DOWN,
AND YOU'LL BE THE FIRST TO KNOW IT WHEN YOU HIT THE FUCKING GROUND!

CHORUS

HAIL BRITANNIA

HAIL BRITANNIA, MARMALADE AND JAM.
THREE CHINESE CRACKERS UP YOUR ASSHOLE.
BAM! BAM! BAM!

HAIL BRITANNIA, MARMALADE AND JAM.
TWO CHINESE CRACKERS UP YOUR ASSHOLE.
BAM! BAM!

HAIL BRITANNIA, MARMALADE AND JAM.
ONE CHINESE CRACKERS UP YOUR ASSHOLE.
BAM!

NO BALLS AT ALL (Sweet Betsy From Fike)

THERE ONCE WAS A GIRL NAMED SARAH McPOX,
WITH HAIR ON HER CHEST AND CHEESE IN HER BOX.
SHE MARRIED A MAN NAMED PATRICK McCALL,
WITH A VERY SHORT PETER AND NO BALLS AT ALL.

CHORUS: NO BALLS AT ALL,
NO BALLS AT ALL,
A VERY SHORT PETER AND NO BALLS AT ALL.

THE VERY FIRST NIGHT THAT THEY WERE WED,
THEY TOOK OFF THEIR CLOTHES AND WENT STRAIGHT TO BED.
SHE REACHED FOR HIS PECKER, IT WAS VERY SMALL.
SHE REACHED FOR HIS BALLS, HE HAD NO BALLS AT ALL.

NOW MOTHER, DEAR MOTHER, OH, WHAT SHALL I DO?
I'VE MARRIED A MAN WHO NEVER CAN SCREW.
I REACHED FOR HIS PECKER, IT WAS VERY SMALL.
I REACHED FOR HIS BALLS, HE HAD NO BALLS AT ALL.

OH DAUGHTER, DEAR DAUGHTER, DON'T YOU BE SAD.
IT WAS THE SAME TROUBLE I HAD WITH YOUR DAD.
THERE'S MANY A FIGHTER PILOT WHO WILL COME TO THE CALL,
OF THE WIFE OF A MAN WHO HAS NO BALLS AT ALL.

THE DAUGHTER WENT HOME, TOOK HER MOTHER'S ADVICE,
AND FOUND THE RESULTS EXCEEDINGLY NICE.
A BOUNCING YOUNG BABY WAS BORN IN THE FALL,
TO THE WIFE OF THE MAN WHO HAD NO BALLS AT ALL.

THE DUCHESS

THE DUCHESS WAS A'DRESSIN, A'DRESSIN FOR THE BALL,
WHEN OUT THRU THE WINDOW, SHE DID SPY HIM PISSIN ON THE WALL.

CHORUS: WITH HIS LILY WHITE KIDNEY WIPER, AND BALLS THE SIZE
OF THESE, AND HALF A YARD OF FORESKIN HANGING DOWN
BELOW HIS KNEES,
OH, HANGING DOWN!
OH, HANGING DOWN!
WITH A HALF A YARD OF FORESKIN HANGING DOWN BELOW
HIS KNEES.

SO SHE WROTE TO HIM A LETTER, AND IN IT SHE DID SAY,
"I'D RATHER BE FUCKED BY YOU THAN BY MY HUSBAND ANY DAY."

CHORUS

SO HE MOUNTED HIS WHITE CHARGER AND ON IT HE DID RIDE,
WITH HIS COCK SLUNG O'ER HIS SHOULDER AND HIS BALLS HUNG BY HIS SIDE.

CHORUS

HE RODE INTO THE COURTYARD, HE RODE INTO THE HALL.
"MY GOD," CRIED THE BUTLER, "HE'S COME TO FUCK US ALL."

CHORUS

HE FUCKED THE COOK IN THE KITCHEN, HE FUCKED THE MAID IN THE HALL,
BUT WHEN HE FUCKED THE BUTLER, TWAS THE DIRTIEST FUCK OF ALL!

CHORUS

WELL, HE MOUNTED HIS WHITE CHARGER AND RODE INTO THE STREET,
WITH LITTLE DROPS OF SEMEN, PITTER, PATTEN, AT HIS FEET.

CHORUS

OH, THEY SAY HE'S GONE TO HEAVEN.
THEY SAY HE'S GONE TO HELL.
THEY SAY HE FUCKS THE DEVIL,
AND I KNOW HE FUCKS HIM WELL!

CHORUS

LAST NIGHT

(Finicule, Finicula)

LAST NIGHT, I STAYED AT HOME AND MASTURBATED.
IT FELT SO GOOD, I KNEW IT WOULD.
LAST NIGHT, I STAYED AT HOME AND MASTURBATED.
IT FELT SO NICE, I DID IT TWICE.

YOU SHOULD HAVE SEEN ME WHEN I USED MY SHORT STROKE.
IT FELT SO GRAND, I USED MY HAND.
AND YOU SHOULD HAVE SEEN ME WHEN I USED MY LONG STROKE.
IT FELT SO NEAT, I USED MY FEET.

SMASH IT, CRASH IT, THROW IT ON THE FLOOR.
WRAFF IT AROUND THE BEDPOST, SLAM IT IN THE DOOR.
IT IS SO NEAT, SO BEAT YOUR MEAT.
IT IS SO SWAMP TO SMACK YOUR SHANK.
EJACULATE TONIGHT, I GUARANTEE YOU'LL FEEL ALL RIGHT.

I FUCKED A DEAD WHORE

(TUNE: My Bonnie Lies Over the Ocean)

I FUCKED A DEAD WHORE BY THE ROADSIDE.
I KNEW RIGHT AWAY SHE WAS DEAD.
THE SKIN WAS ALL GONE FROM HER TUMMY,
THE HAIR WAS ALL GONE FROM HER HEAD.

AND AS I LAY DOWN THERE BESIDE HER,
I KNEW RIGHT AWAY I HAD SINNED.
SO I PRESSED MY LIPS TO HER SWEET PUSSY,
AND SUCKED OUT THE WAD I'D SHOT IN.

SUCKED OUT, SUCKED OUT,
I SUCKED OUT THE WAD I'D SHOT IN, SHOT IN.
SUCKED OUT, SUCKED OUT,
I SUCKED OUT THE WAD I'D SHOT IN.

ADELINE SCHMIDT
(Sweet Betsy From Pike)

THERE ONCE WAS A MAIDEN NAMED ADELINE SCHMIDT,
WHO WENT TO THE DOCTOR CAUSE SHE COULDN'T SHIT.
HE GAVE HER SOME MEDICINE ALL WRAPPED UP IN GLASS,
AND UP WENT THE WINDOW AND OUT WENT HER ASS.

CHORUS: IT WAS BROWN, BROWN, SHIT FALLING DOWN.
BROWN, BROWN, SHIT ALL AROUND.
IT WAS BROWN, BROWN, SHIT FALLING DOWN.
THE WHOLE WORLD WAS COVERED WITH SHIT, SHIT, SHIT, SHIT.

A HANDSOME YOUNG COPPER WAS WALKING HIS BEAT.
HE HAPPENED TO BE ON THAT SIDE OF THE STREET.
HE LOOKED UP SO BASHFUL, HE LOOKED UP SO SHY,
WHEN A BIG PIECE OF SHIT HIT HIM RIGHT IN THE EYE.

CHORUS

THAT HANDSOME YOUNG COPPER, HE CURSED AND HE SWORE.
HE CALLED THAT YOUNG MAIDEN A DIRTY OLD WHORE,
AND ON LONDON BRIDGE YOU CAN STILL SEE HIM SIT,
WITH A SIGN ROUND HIS NECK SAYING, "BLINDED BY SHIT."

CHORUS

BALLS OF O'LEARY
(Bells of St. Mary)

THE BALLS OF O'LEARY,
ARE WRINKLED AND HAIRY.
THEY'RE SHAPELY AND STATELY,
LIKE THE DOME OF SAINT PAUL.

THE WOMEN ALL MUSTER,
TO VIEW THAT GREAT CLUSTER.
HOW THEY STAND AND THEY STARE,
AT THAT BLOODY GREAT PAIR
OF O'LEARY'S BALLS.

THE BLOODY GREAT WHEEL

AN AIRMAN TOLD ME BEFORE HE DIED,
AND I DON'T THINK THAT THE BASTARD LIED.
HE HAD A WIFE WITH A CUNT SO WIDE,
THAT SHE COULD NEVER BE SATISFIED.

SO HE INVENTED A PRICK OF STEEL,
DRIVEN BY A BLOODY GREAT WHEEL,
TWO BRASS BALLS ALL FILLED WITH CREAM,
AND THE WHOLE FUCKING THING WAS DRIVEN BY STEAM.

ROUND AND ROUND WENT THE BLOODY GREAT WHEEL,
IN AND OUT WENT THAT BIG PRICK OF STEEL,
IN AND OUT UNTIL SHE CRIED,
"ENOUGH, ENOUGH. I'M SATISFIED."

BUT NOW WE COME TO THE BITTER BIT.
THERE WAS NO WAY OF STOPPING IT.
SHE WAS SPLIT FROM HER ASS TO HER TIT,
AND THE WHOLE FUCKING PLACE WAS COVERED WITH SHIT.

THE LITTLE BROWN MOUSE

OH, THE LIQUOR WAS SPILLED ON THE BARROOM FLOOR,
AND THE BAR WAS CLOSED FOR THE NIGHT.
WHEN OUT OF HIS HOUSE CAME A LITTLE BROWN MOUSE,
AND SAT IN THE PALE MOONLIGHT.
HE LAPPED UP THE LIQUOR ON THE BARROOM FLOOR,
AND ON HIS HAUNCHES HE SAT,
AND ALL NIGHT LONG YOU COULD HEAR HIS SONG:
"BRING ON THE GODDAMN CAT!!"

TIE MY PECKER TO A TREE

(Chisolm Trail)

REACHED IN MY POCKET, PULLED OUT A PENNY,
SHE SAID BOY YOU CAN'T HAVE ANY.

CHORUS: COME AND TIE MY PECKER TO A TREE, TO A TREE,
COME AND TIE MY PECKER TO A TREE.

REACHED IN MY POCKET, PULLED OUT A NICKEL,
SHE SAID FOR THAT YOU DON'T EVEN GET A TICKLE.

REACHED IN MY POCKET, PULLED OUT A DIME,
SHE SAID YOUNG MAN YOU'RE WASTING YOUR TIME.

REACHED IN MY POCKET, PULLED OUT A QUARTER,
SHE SAID YOUNG MAN I'M A PREACHER'S DAUGHTER.

REACHED IN MY POCKET, PULLED OUT A HALF,
SHE SAID YOUNG MAN YOU MAKE ME LAUGH.

REACHED IN MY POCKET, PULLED OUT SIX BITS,
ALL SHE DID WAS WIGGLE HER TITS.

REACHED IN MY POCKET, PULLED OUT A BUCK,
SHE SAID YOUNG MAN YOU'VE BOUGHT A FUCK.

TOOK HER TO THE KITCHEN, LAID HER ON THE SINK,
OH, MY GOD, HOW HER PUSSY DID STINK.

FUCKED HER SITTIN', FUCKED HER LYIN',
IF I'D HAD WINGS I'D FUCKED HER FLYING.

I AWOKE IN THE MORNING, AND GUESS WHAT I SAW,
FIFTEEN CRABS AND A BIG BLUE BALL.

I WENT TO THE DOCTOR, CAUSE MY PECKER WAS SORE,
MY GOD, SAID THE DOCTOR, YOU'VE BEEN TAKEN BY A WHORE.

AND NOW YOU CAN SEE, I'M A PECKERLESS MAN,
I FUCK 'EM WITH MY FINGER AND POOL 'EM WHEN I CAN.

NOW THE LAST TIME I SAW HER, AND I HAVEN'T SEEN HER SINCE,
SHE WAS JACKING OFF A DOGGIE THROUGH A BARBED WIRE FENCE.

MY FATHER WAS A FIREMAN

(Spoken)

OH, FOR THE LIFE OF A FIREMAN,
TO RIDE ON A FIRE ENGINE RED,
TO SAY TO A TEAM OF WHITE HORSES,
GO AHEAD, GO AHEAD, GO AHEAD.

(Sung)

MY FATHER WAS A FIREMAN,
HE PUTS OUT FIRES.
MY BROTHER WAS A FIREMAN,
HE PUTS OUT FIRES.
MY SISTER SAL WAS A FIREMAN'S GAL,
SHE PUTS OUT TOO!

FIGHTER PILOT'S TOAST

HERE'S TO ME IN MY SOBER MOOD,
WHEN I RAMBLE, SIT AND THINK.
HERE'S TO ME IN MY DRUNKEN MOOD,
WHEN I GAMBLE, SIN AND DRINK.

BUT WHEN MY FLYING DAYS ARE OVER,
AND FROM THIS WORLD I PASS,
I HOPE THEY BURY ME UPSIDE DOWN,
SO THE WORLD CAN KISS MY ASS!

DON'T BURN THE SHITHOUSE DOWN

PLEASE DON'T BURN THE SHITHOUSE DOWN,
MOTHER HAS PROMISED TO PAY.
MOTHER IS DRUNK, FATHER'S IN JAIL,
SISTER'S IN A FAMILY WAY,
BROTHER DEAR IS MIGHTY QUEER.
TIMES ARE FUCKING BAD.
SO PLEASE DON'T BURN THE SHITHOUSE DOWN,
OR WE'LL ALL HAVE TO SHIT IN THE YARD.

THE SCOTCH WEDDING

OH, THE KING WAS IN HIS COUNTING HOUSE, COUNTING OUT HIS WEALTH.
THE QUEEN WAS IN THE BEDROOM, PLAYING WITH HERSELF.

CHORUS: BALLS TO YOUR PARTNER, YOUR ASS AGAINST THE WALL.
IF YOU'VE NEVER BEEN LAID ON SATURDAY NIGHT,
YOU'VE NEVER BEEN LAID AT ALL.

OH, THE BRIDE WAS IN THE BEDROOM, EXPLAINING TO THE GROOM,
THE VAGINA, NOT THE RECTUM, IS THE ENTRANCE TO THE NOMB.

OH, THE PARSON'S WIFE SHE WAS THERE, SEATED DOWN IN FRONT.
A WREATH OF ROSES AROUND HER NECK, A CARROT UP HER CUNT.

OH, THE VILLAGE PARSON HE WAS THERE, AND VERY SURPRISED TO SEE,
FOUR AND TWENTY MAIDENHEADS HANGING FROM A TREE.

OH, THE PARSON'S DAUGHTER SHE WAS THERE, SHE HAD THEM ALL IN FITS,
DIVING OFF THE MANTLEPIECE, AND LANDING ON HER TITS.

THEY WERE FUCKING IN THE HAYLOFTS, FUCKING IN THE RICKS.
YOU COULD NOT HEAR THE MUSIC FOR THE SLUSHING OF THE PRICKS.

THEY WERE FUCKING IN THE BARLEY, FUCKING IN THE OATS,
SOME WERE FUCKING SHEEP AND SOME WERE FUCKING GOATS.

OH, THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH HE WAS THERE, HIS HAMMER AND HIS AWLS,
TALKING TO THE QUEEN AND SHOWING OFF HIS BALLS.

THEY WERE FUCKING IN THE PARLORS, FUCKING ON THE STAIRS,
YOU COULD NOT SEE THE CARPETS FOR THE COME AND CURLY HAIRS.

THE VILLAGE IDIOT HE WAS THERE, MAKING LIKE A FOOL,
PULLING HIS FORESKIN OVER HIS HEAD AND WHISTLING THRU HIS TOOL.

OH, THE VILLAGE BUTCHER HE WAS THERE, CLEAVER IN HIS HAND,
AND EVERY TIME HE TURNED AROUND, HE CIRCUMSIZED A MAN.

OH, THE MOTHER SUPERIOR SHE WAS THERE, A LYING ON THE FLOOR,
AND EVERY TIME SHE SPREAD HER LEGS, THE SUCTION CLOSED THE DOOR.

OH, THE VILLAGE CRIPPLE HE WAS THERE, NOT DOING MUCH,
HE LINED UP ALL THE GIRLS AND FUCKED THEM WITH HIS CRUTCH.

AND WHEN THE BALL WAS OVER, AND THE FOLKS WENT HOME TO REST,
THEY SAID THEY ENJOYED THE MUSIC, BUT THE FUCKING WAS THE BEST.

STREET CLEANER'S SONG

(Carolina in the Morning)

NOTHING COULD BE MEANER THAN TO BE A STREET CLEANER
IN THE MORNING.
NOTHING COULD BE BLUER THAN TO PICK UP HORSE MANURE
IN THE MORNING.

WHEN THE HORSES UNLOAD,
THAT'S WHAT I HATE,
CLEANING UP HORSE MANURE FROM FOUR TILL EIGHT.
STROLLING WITH PUSHCART,
WHEN THE BREEZES SMELL LIKE CHEEZES
IN THE MORNING.

THERE'S NOTHING MORE I FEAR,
THAN A HORSE WITH DIARRHEA
IN THE MORNING.
WHY CAN'T THEY DROP THOSE LITTLE BALLS,
THAT DON'T STICK TO MY OVERALLS
IN THE MORNING.

IF I HAD ALADIN'S LAMP FOR ONLY A DAY,
I WOULD MAKE A WISH OR TWO AND HERE'S WHAT I'D SAY,
I WISH THEY WOULD PUT GLASSES
ALL AROUND THOSE HORSES ASSES
IN THE MORNING.

JOY TO THE WORLD

JOY TO THE WORLD, THE BOMBS WILL COME.
LET'S ALL GO JOIN THE FUN.
THE BRIDGES, DAMS AND POWER PLANTS,
THE SCHOOLS, THE KIDS, AND EVEN ANTS
WILL KNOW THE AWESOME SOUND
OF BOMBS HITTING THE GROUND.
THEY'LL SHIVER, THEY'LL QUIVER.
GEE, WAR IS FUN!

BANG IT INTO LULU

(Goodnight Ladies)

SOME GIRLS WORK IN FACTORIES,
SOME GIRLS WORK IN STORES,
LULU WORKS BEHIND A BAR,
WITH FIFTY OTHER WHORES.

CHORUS: BANG IT INTO LULU,
BANG IT GOOD AND STRONG.
WHAT'LL WE DO FOR BANGING,
WHEN LULU'S DEAD AND GONE?

WISH I WERE A PISSPOT,
UNDER LULU'S BED,
EVERY TIME SHE STOOPED TO PEE,
I'D SEE HER MAIDENHEAD.

WISH I WERE A FINGER,
ON LULU'S LITTLE HAND,
EVERY TIME SHE'D WIPE HER ASS,
I'D SEE THE PROMISED LAND.

LULU HAD A BABY,
SHE HAD IT ON A ROCK.
SHE COULDN'T CALL IT LULU,
CAUSE THE BASTARD HAD A COCK.

LULU HAD A BABY,
SHE NAMED IT SONNY JIM.
SHE THREW IT IN THE PISSPOT,
TO TEACH IT HOW TO SWIM.

LAST TIME I SAW LULU,
I HAVEN'T SEEN HER SINCE.
SHE WAS SUCKIN' OFF A TIGER,
THROUGH A BARBED WIRE FENCE.

I'M YOUR MAILMAN

I'M THE KIND THAT LIKES TO PLAY,
THAT'S WHY I COME TWICE A DAY.
I'M YOUR MAILMAN.

BANG YOUR KNOCKER, RING YOUR BELL,
DON'T YOU THINK I AM SWELL?
I'M YOUR MAILMAN.

I CAN COME IN ANY KIND OF WEATHER,
THAT'S BECAUSE MY BAG IS MADE OF LEATHER.
I DON'T POOL WITH KEYS OR LOCKS,
I JUST SLIP IT IN YOUR BOX.
I'M YOUR MAILMAN.

WOODPECKER SONG

OH, I STUCK MY FINGER IN A WOODPECKER HOLE,
AND THE WOODPECKER SAID GOD BLESS MY SOUL,
TAKE IT OUT, TAKE IT OUT, TAKE IT OUT, REMOVE IT.

SO, I REMOVED MY FINGER FROM THE WOODPECKER'S HOLE,
THE WOODPECKER SAID GOD BLESS MY SOUL,
PUT IT BACK, PUT IT BACK, PUT IT BACK, REPLACE IT.

I REPLACED MY FINGER IN THE WOODPECKER'S HOLE,
AND THE WOODPECKER SAID GOD BLESS YOUR SOUL,
TURN IT AROUND, TURN IT AROUND, TURN IT AROUND, REVOLVE IT.

I REVOLVED MY FINGER IN THE WOODPECKER'S HOLE,
AND THE WOODPECKER SAID GOD BLESS YOUR SOUL,
IN AND OUT, IN AND OUT, IN AND OUT, RECIPROCATE IT.

I RECIPROCATED MY FINGER IN THE WOODPECKER'S HOLE,
AND THE WOODPECKER SAID GOD BLESS MY SOUL,
PULL IT OUT, PULL IT OUT, PULL IT OUT, RETRACT IT.

I RETRACTED MY FINGER FROM THE WOODPECKER'S HOLE,
AND THE WOODPECKER SAID GOD BLESS YOUR SOUL,
TAKE A SMELL, TAKE A SMELL, TAKE A SMELL, REVOLTING!!

THE LADY IN RED

'T WAS A COLD WINTER'S EVENING, THE GUESTS WERE ALL LEAVING,
O'LEARY WAS CLOSING THE BAR,
WHEN HE TURNED AND HE SAID TO A LADY IN RED,
"GET OUT, YOU CAN'T STAY WHERE YOU ARE."
SHE WEPT A SAD TEAR IN HER BUCKET OF BEER,
AS SHE THOUGHT OF THE COLD NIGHT AHEAD,
WHEN A GENTLEMAN DAPPER STEPPED OUT OF THE CRAPPER,
AND THESE ARE THE WORDS THAT HE SAID:

HER MOTHER NEVER TOLD HER
THE THINGS A YOUNG GIRL SHOULD KNOW
ABOUT THE WAYS OF AIR FORCE MEN,
AND HOW THEY COME AND GO, MOSTLY GO....
NOW AGE HAS TAKEN HER BEAUTY
AND SIN HAS LEFT ITS SAD SCAR,
SO REMEMBER YOUR MOTHERS AND SISTERS, BOYS,
AND LET HER SLEEP UNDER THE BAR.

THE SHEEPHERDER

THE SHEEPHERDER LAY IN THE TALL, TALL GRASS,
HIS FAVORITE DOG LAY CLOSE TO HIS ASS,
THROUGH A HOLE IN HIS WORN BLUE COVERALLS,
A TOOTHLESS EWE LAY LICKING HIS BALLS.
A MAGPIE WATCHED FROM A FENCE CLOSE BY,
GAZING AT THE SCENE WITH PRACTICED EYE.
HIS GUN WENT OFF, THE OLD EWE QUIT,
THE HOUND DOG YELPED, THE MAGPIE SHIT.

BLESSED ARE WOMEN

BLESSED ARE WOMEN, THOSE CREATURES DIVINE.
BLOSSOM EVERY MONTH, BEAR EVERY NINE.
THEY'RE THE ONLY CREATURES IN EITHER HEAVEN OR HELL,
WHO CAN GET JUICE OUT OF A NUT WITHOUT CRACKING THE SHELL.

THE CAMEL

THE CREW, THEY ALL RIDE IN THE DORY,
THE CAPTAIN, HE RIDES IN THE GIG.
IT DON'T GO A GODDAMN BIT FASTER,
BUT IT MAKES THE OLD BASTARD FEEL BIG.

CHORUS: SINGING - TCOORALLY, TCOORALLY, TCOORALLY-A,
TCOORALLY, TCOORALLY-A.
IT DON'T GO A GODDAMN BIT FASTER,
BUT IT MAKES THE OLD BASTARD FEEL BIG.

THE SEXUAL LIFE OF THE CAMEL
IS GREATER THAN ANYONE THINKS.
IN MOMENTS OF AMOROUS PASSION
HE OFTEN MAKES LOVE TO THE SPHINX.

NOW THE SPHINX'S POSTERIOR ORGANS
ARE BLOCKED BY THE SANDS OF THE NILE,
WHICH ACCOUNTS FOR THE HUMP ON THE CAMEL,
AND THE SPHINX'S INSCRUTABLE SMILE.

EXHAUSTIVE EXPERIMENTATION
BY DARWIN AND HUXLEY AND HALL
HAS PROVED THAT THE ASS OF A HEDGEHOG
CAN HARDLY BE BUGGERED AT ALL.

OH, WHY DON'T THE BOYS AT HARVARD
DO LIKE THE BOYS AT YALE.
THEY PULL ALL THE QUILLS FROM THE HEDGEHOG,
SO IT'S EASY TO GRAB BY THE TAIL.

HERE'S TO THE GIRLS OF NORTH ADAMS,
AND HERE'S TO THE STREETS THAT THEY ROAM,
AND HERE'S TO THE DIRTY FACED BASTARDS.
GOD BLESS 'EM, THEY MAY BE OUR OWN.

HERE'S TO OLD FORT MASSACHUSETTS,
AND HERE'S TO THE OLD MOHAWK TRAIL,
AND HERE'S TO THE INDIAN MAIDENS WHO
GAVE US OUR FIRST PIECE OF TAIL.

ROLL YOUR LEG OVER

OH, IF ALL LITTLE GIRLS WERE LIKE FISH IN THE OCEAN,
AND I WERE A WHALE, I WOULD TEACH THEM EMOTION.

CHORUS: OH, ROLL YOUR LEG OVER, OH, ROLL YOUR LEG OVER,
OH, ROLL YOUR LEG OVER THE MAN IN THE MOON.

OH, IF ALL LITTLE GIRLS WERE BELLS IN THE TOWER,
AND I WERE A CLAPPER, I'D BANG BY THE HOUR.

OH, IF ALL LITTLE GIRLS WERE LIKE FISH IN THE RIVER,
AND I WERE A SANDBAR, I'D SURE MAKE THEM QUIVER.

OH, IF ALL LITTLE GIRLS WERE LIKE SHEEP IN THE PASTURE,
AND I WERE A RAM, I'D MAKE THEM RUN FASTER.

OH, IF ALL LITTLE GIRLS WERE LIKE LITTLE WHITE RABBITS,
AND I WERE A HARE, I WOULD TEACH THEM BAD HABITS.

OH, IF ALL LITTLE GIRLS WERE LIKE LITTLE RED VIKENS,
AND I WERE A FOX, I SURELY WOULD FIX 'EM.

OH, IF ALL LITTLE GIRLS WERE LIKE HEDY LAMARR,
I'D TRY TWICE AS HARD AND GET TWICE AS FAR.

OH, IF ALL LITTLE GIRLS WERE LIKE COWS IN THE CLOVER,
AND I WERE A BULL, I WOULD CHASE THEM ALL OVER.

OH, IF ALL LITTLE GIRLS WERE LIKE LITTLE WHITE FLOWERS,
AND I WERE A BEE, I WOULD BUZZ THEM FOR HOURS.

OH, IF ALL LITTLE GIRLS WERE LIKE LITTLE WHITE CHICKENS,
AND I WERE A ROOSTER, I'D GIVE THEM THE DICKENS.

OH, IF ALL LITTLE GIRLS WERE LIKE LITTLE OLD TURTLES,
AND I WERE A TURTLE, I'D GET IN THEIR GIRDLES.

OH, IF ALL LITTLE GIRLS WERE LIKE GYPSY ROSE LEE,
AND I WERE HER G-STRING, OH BOY, WHAT I'D SEE.

OH, IF ALL LITTLE GIRLS WERE LIKE NURSES WHO WOULD,
AND I WERE A DOCTOR, I WOULD IF I COULD.

OH, IF ALL LITTLE GIRLS WERE LIKE BRICKS IN A PILE,
AND I WERE A MASON, I'D LAY THEM IN STYLE.

MY HOW THE MONEY ROLLS IN
(My Bonnie Lies Over the Ocean.)

MY FATHER MAKES RUM IN THE BATHTUB,
MY MOTHER MAKES TWO KINDS OF GIN,
MY SISTER MAKES LOVE FOR A LIVING,
MY GOD, HOW THE MONEY ROLLS IN.

CHORUS: ROLLS IN, ROLLS IN, MY GOD HOW THE MONEY ROLLS IN, ROLLS IN.
ROLLS IN, ROLLS IN, MY GOD HOW THE MONEY ROLLS IN.

MY BROTHER'S A POOR MISSIONARY,
HE SAVES LITTLE GIRLIES FROM SIN.
HE'LL SAVE YOU A BLONDE FOR A DOLLAR.
MY GOD, HOW THE MONEY ROLLS IN.

MY UNCLE PAINTS REAL FRENCHY POSTCARDS,
MY AUNTIE SHE POSES FOR HIM.
HER COSTUME COSTS NARY A PENNY.
MY GOD, HOW THE MONEY ROLLS IN.

I TRIED MAKING ALL KINDS OF WHISKEY,
I TRIED MAKING ALL KINDS OF GIN,
I TRIED MAKING LOVE FOR A LIVING,
MY GOD, THE CONDITION I'M IN.

MY AUNTIE MANUFACTURES FRENCH TICKLERS,
MY COUSIN PRICKS HOLES WITH A PIN,
MY UNCLE PERFORMS THE ABORTIONS.
MY GOD, HOW THE MONEY ROLLS IN.

MY FATHER HE DIED IN THE BATHTUB,
MY MOTHER SHE DIED FROM THE GIN,
MY SISTER SHE MARRIED MY BROTHER,
MY GOD, WHAT A MESS I'M IN.

MARY ANN BURNS

MARY ANN BURNS IS THE QUEEN OF ALL THE ACROBATS.
SHE CAN DO TRICKS THAT WOULD GIVE A CAT THE SHITS.
ROLL GREEN PEAS FROM HER FUNDAMENTAL ORIFICE,
DO A DOUBLE FLIP AND CATCH THEM ON HER TITS.

SHE'S A GREAT BIG SON-OF-A-BITCH, TWICE AS BIG AS ME,
HAIR ON HER ASS LIKE THE BRANCHES ON A TREE,
SHE CAN SWIM, FISH, FIGHT, FUCK,
FLY A PLANE, DRIVE A TRUCK.
MARY ANN BURNS IS THE GIRL FOR ME.

I LOVE MY WIFE ✓

I LOVE MY WIFE, YES I DO, YES I DO.
I LOVE HER TRULY.
I LOVE THE HOLE THAT SHE PISSES THROUGH.

I LOVE HER RUBY RED LIPS, HER LILY WHITE TITS,
AND HER LITTLE BROWN ASSHOLE.
I'D EAT HER SHIT - GOBBLE, GOBBLE,
CHOMP, CHOMP,
WITH A RUSTY SPOON.

NELLY DARLING

OH, YOUR ASS IS LIKE A STOVEPIPE, NELLY DARLING,
AND THE NIPPLES ON YOUR TITS ARE TURNING GREEN.
THERE'S A YARD OF LINT PROTRUDING FROM YOUR NAVEL.
YOU'RE THE UGLIEST FUCKING BITCH I'VE EVER SEEN.

THERE'S AN ODOR OF BLUE OINTMENT 'ROUND YOUR PUSSY.
WHEN YOU PISS YOU PISS A STREAM AS GREEN AS GRASS:
THERE'S ENOUGH WAX IN YOUR EARS TO MAKE A CANDLE,
SO WHY NOT MAKE ONE, DEAR, AND SHOVE IT UP YOUR ASS.

MRS. MURPHY

OH, TAKE IT IN YOUR HAND, MRS. MURPHY,
IT ONLY WEIGHS A QUARTER OF A POUND.
IT HAS HAIR 'ROUND ITS NECK LIKE A TURKEY,
AND IT SPITS WHEN YOU RUB IT UP AND DOWN.

PUBIC HAIRS

(Baby Face)

PUBIC HAIRS, YOU'VE GOT THE CUTEST LITTLE PUBIC HAIRS.
THERE'S NOT ANOTHER THAT CAN COMPARE, PUBIC HAIRS,
PENIS OR VAGINA, NOTHING COULD BE FINER.
PUBIC HAIRS, I'M UP IN HEAVEN WHEN I'M IN YOUR UNDERWEAR.
I DIDN'T NEED A SHOVE TO TAKE A MOUTHFUL OF YOUR PRETTY PUBIC HAIRS.

MY GIRL

THE NIPPLES ON HER TITS ARE AS BIG AS PLUMS.
THE WIGGLE WHEN SHE WALKS WOULD MAKE A DEAD MAN COME.
SHE'S A MEAN MOTHER-FUCKER; SHE'S A GREAT COCKSUCKER.
SHE'S MY GIRL - SHE FUCKS.

SALLY IN THE ALLEY

SALLY IN THE ALLEY SIFTING CINDERS,
LIFTED UP HER LEG AND PARTED LIKE A MAN.
WIND FROM HER BLOOMERS BROKE SIX WINDERS,
CHEEKS OF HER ASS WENT BAM! BAM! BAM!

MY HUSBAND'S A COLONEL

MY HUSBAND'S A COLONEL, A COLONEL, A COLONEL.
A VERY FINE COLONEL IS HE.
ALL DAY HE FUCKS OFF, HE FUCKS OFF, HE FUCKS OFF.
AT NIGHT HE COMES HOME AND FUCKS ME.

CHORUS: SING A LITTLE BIT, FUCK A LITTLE BIT.
FOLLOW THE BAND, FOLLOW THE BAND, FOLLOW THE BAND.
SING A LITTLE BIT, FUCK A LITTLE BIT.
FOLLOW THE BAND, FOLLOW THE HAPPY BAND.

REPEAT VERSE USING THE FOLLOWING:

AN L/C, CHEWS ASS, CHEWS ME.
A MAJOR, SCREWS UP, SCREWS ME.
A CAPTAIN, KISSES ASS, KISSES ME.
A LIEUTENANT, GETS SHIT ON, SHITS ON ME.
A JUVAT, EATS CUNT EATS ME.
A PANTHER, PAWS AROUND, PAWS ME.

THE TWELVE DAYS OF CHRISTMAS

ON THE FIRST DAY OF CHRISTMAS,
MY TRUE LOVE GAVE TO ME:
A HAND JOB IN A PEAR TREE.

ON THE SECOND DAY OF CHRISTMAS,
MY TRUE LOVE GAVE TO ME:
TWO BRASS BALLS AND A HAND JOB IN A PEAR TREE.

3RD DAY - THREE FRENCH TICKLERS
4TH DAY - FOUR COCKSUCKERS
5TH DAY - FIVE MOTHER-FUCKERS
6TH DAY - SIX SACKS OF SHIT
7TH DAY - SEVEN SCROTUMS SWINGING
8TH DAY - EIGHT ASSHOLES ACHING
9TH DAY - NINE NIMPHO'S NIBBLING
10TH DAY - TEN TITS A-TINGLING
11TH DAY - ELEVEN LESBIANS LICKING
12TH DAY - TWELVE THATS A-TWITCHING

TAKE A LEG

YOU TAKE A LEG FROM SOME OLD TABLE,
YOU TAKE AN ARM FROM SOME OLD CHAIR,
YOU TAKE A NECK FROM SOME OLD BOTTLE,
AND FROM A HORSE, WE'LL GET SOME HAIR - WE'LL GET SOME HAIR.

AND THEN YOU PUT IT ALL TOGETHER
WITH THE AID OF STRING AND GLUE.
AND I'LL GET MORE LOVIN' FROM A GODDAMN DUMMY,
THAN I'LL EVER GET FROM YOU!

DO YOUR BALLS HANG LOW?

(March of the Toy Soldiers)

DO YOUR BALLS HANG LOW, DO THEY SWING TO AND FRO?
CAN YOU TIE THEM IN A KNOT, CAN YOU TIE THEM IN A BOW?
CAN YOU THROW THEM OVER YOUR SHOULDER LIKE A EUROPEAN SOLDIER?
DO YOUR BALLS HANG LOW?

IN DAYS OF OLD, WHEN KNIGHTS WERE BOLD,
THEY SHIT RIGHT IN THEIR BRITCHES.
THEY WIPED THEIR ASS WITH BROKEN GLASS,
THOSE TOUGH OLD SON OF BITCHES.

IN DAYS OF OLD, WHEN KNIGHTS WERE BOLD,
AND WOMEN WORE MERE TRIFLES,
THEY HUNG THEIR BALLS UPON THE WALLS,
AND SHOT THEM DOWN WITH RIFLES.

*This kind of song was not known
in WW I and II ??*

SO LONG, MOM

SO LONG, MOM, I'M OFF TO DROP THE BOMB,
SO DON'T WAIT UP FOR ME,
AND WHILE YOU SHELTER DOWN THERE IN YOUR SHELTER,
YOU CAN SEE ME ON YOUR TV.
WHILE WE'RE ATTACKING FRONTALLY, WATCH BRINKLEY AND HUNTLEY,
DESCRIBING CONTRAPUNTALLY THE CITIES WE HAVE LOST.
NO USE FOR YOU TO MISS A MINUTE OF THE AGONIZING HOLOCAUST.

LITTLE JOHNNY JONES WAS A U.S. PILOT,
AND NO SHRINKING VIOLET WAS HE.
HE WAS MIGHTY PROUD WHEN WORLD WAR III WAS DECLARED.
HE WASN'T SCARED, NO, NOT HE,
AND THIS IS WHAT HE SAID
ON HIS WAY TO ARMAGEDDON,
"SO LONG, MOM, I'M OFF TO DROP THE BOMB,
SO DON'T WAIT UP FOR ME.
AND THOUGH I MAY ROAM, I'LL COME BACK TO MY HOME,
ALTHOUGH IT MAY BE A PILE OF DEBRIS.
SO LONG, MOMMY, I'M OFF TO KILL A COMMIE,
SO SEND ME A SALAMI AND TRY TO SMILE SOMEHOW.
I'LL BE BACK TO YOU WHEN THE WAR IS OVER,
AN HOUR AND A HALF FROM NOW."

SIX POUNDS OF BOOBIES

SIX POUNDS OF BOOBIES IN A LOOSE BRASSIERE,
AN OLD USED CONDOM IN A GLASS OF BEER,
A TWAT THAT TWITCHES LIKE A MOOSE'S EAR,
THESE FOOLISH THINGS REMIND ME OF YOU.

A DIRTY WHORE STROLLING DOWN THE STREET,
A BLOODY TAMPEX IN A RUMBLESEAT,
I LOVE MY POONTANG BUT I BEAT MY MEAT,
THESE FOOLISH THINGS REMIND ME OF YOU.

OLD GRAY BUSTLE

(Old Gray Bonnet)

PUT ON YOUR OLD GRAY BUSTLE AND GET OUT AND HUSTLE,
FOR TOMORROW, THE RENT'S COMING DUE.
PUT YOUR ASS IN CLOVER, LET THE BOYS LOOK IT OVER.
IF YOU CAN'T GET FIVE, TAKE TWO.

PUT ON THOSE OLD PINK PANTIES THAT USED TO BE YOUR AUNTIES,
AND WE'LL GO FOR A TUSSLE IN THE HAY.
NOW THERE'S NO USE DUCKIN' CAUSE YOU'RE GONNA GET A FUCKIN',
IN THE GOOD OLD FASHIONED WAY.

PUT ON YOUR OLD GRAY CORSET, IF IT WON'T FIT, FORCE IT,
FOR THE FLEET IS COMING IN TODAY.
AS THE BEES MAKE HONEY, LET YOUR ASS MAKE MONEY,
IN THE GOOD OLD FASHIONED WAY.

PUT ON THAT OLD BLUE OINTMENT, THE CRABS' DISAPPOINTMENT,
AND WE'LL KILL THOSE BASTARDS WHERE THEY LAY.
THOUGH IT SCRATCHES AND IT ITCHES, IT WILL KILL THOSE
SONS-OF-BITCHES,
IN THE GOOD OLD FASHIONED WAY.

ON TOP OF OLD FUJI

(On Top of Old Smokey)

ON TOP OF OLD FUJI, ALL COVERED WITH SNOW,
I LOST MY PHANTOM PILOT FROM FLYING TOO LOW.
HE PUT ON AN AIR SHOW, HE DID IT FOR ME,
AT ALTITUDE ZERO HE CLOBBERED A TREE.
WITH THE THROTTLES WIDE OPEN, HE MADE HIS LAST PASS,
ON TOP OF OLD FUJI, HE BUSTED HIS ASS.

TCHEPONE

(Strawberry Roan)

I WAS HANGING 'ROUND OPS, JUST AWASTING MY TIME,
NOT ON THE SCHEDULE, NOT EARNIN' A DIME.
A COLONEL COMES UP AND HE SAYS, "I SUPPOSE
YOU FLY A FIGHTER, FROM THE CUT OF YOUR CLOTHES."

HE FIGURES ME RIGHT, "I'M A GOOD ONE," I SAY.
"DO YOU HAPPEN TO HAVE ME A TARGET TODAY?"
HE SAYS YES HE DOES AND A REAL EASY ONE.
"NO SWEAT, MY BOY, IT'S AN OLD TIME MILK RUN."

I GETS ALL EXCITED AND ASKS WHERE IT'S AT.
HE GIVES ME A WINK AND A TIP OF HIS HAT.
"IT'S ONE-TWENTY MILES TO THE NORTHEAST OF HOME,
A SMALL PEACEFUL HAMLET THAT'S KNOWN AS TCHEPONE."

I GO GET MY G-SUIT AND STRAP ON MY GUN,
HELMET, AND GLOVES, OUT THE DOOR ON THE RUN.
FIRE UP MY PHANTOM AND TAKE TO THE AIR.
TWO'S TUCKED IN TIGHT AND WE HAVEN'T A CARE.

IN TWENTY-FIVE MINUTES WE'RE OVER THE TOWN.
FROM TWENTY-ONE THOUSAND WE'RE SCREAMING ON DOWN.
ARM UP THE SWITCHES AND DIAL IN THE MILS,
RACK UP THE WINGS, AND ROLL IN FOR THE KILL.

WE FEEL A BIT SORRY FOR FOLKS DOWN BELOW.
OF DESTRUCTION THAT'S COMING THEY SURELY DON'T KNOW,
BUT THE THOUGHT PASSES QUICKLY, WE KNOW THE WAR IS ON,
AND ON DOWN WE SCREAM TOWARD PEACEFUL TCHEPONE.
(UNSUSPECTING, PEACEFUL TCHEPONE.)

RELEASE ALTITUDE, AND THE FIPPER'S NOT RIGHT.
I'LL PRESS JUST A LITTLE AND LAY THEM IN TIGHT,
I PICKLE THOSE BEAUTIES AT TWO-POINT FIVE GRAND,
STARTING MY PULL WHEN IT ALL HITS THE FAN.

A BLACK PUFF IN FRONT, AND THEN TWO OFF THE RIGHT;
THEN SIX OR EIGHT MORE AND I SUCK IT UP TIGHT.
THER'S SMALL ARMS AND TRACERS AND HEAVY ACK-ACK.
IT'S SCATTERED TO BROKEN WITH ALL KINDS OF FLAK.

TCHEPONE Continued

I JINK HARD TO THE LEFT AND HEAD OUT FOR THE BLUE,
MY WINGMAN SAYS, "LEAD! THEY'RE SHOOTING AT YOU!"
"NO SHIT!" I CRY AS I POINT IT TOWARDS HOME.
AND STILL COMES THE FIRE FROM THE TOWN OF TCHEPONE.
(DIRTY, DEADLY TCHEPONE!)

I MAKE IT BACK HOME WITH SIX HOLES IN MY BIRD.
WITH THE COLONEL WHO SENT ME I'D SURE LIKE A WORD.
BUT HE'S NOWHERE AROUND, THOUGH I LOOK NEAR AND FAR.
HE'S GONE BACK TO SEVENTH TO HELP RUN THE WAR.

I'VE BEEN 'ROUND THIS COUNTRY FOR MANY A DAY;
I'VE SEEN THE THINGS THAT THEY'RE THROWING MY WAY.
I KNOW THAT THERE'S PLACES I DON'T LIKE TO FLY,
UP IN MU GIA AND IN BAN KARAI.
BUT I'LL BET ALL MY FLIGHT PAY THE JOCK AIN'T BEEN BORN
WHO CAN KEEP ALL HIS COOL WHEN HE'S OVER TCHEPONE!

GHOST FUCKERS IN THE SKY

AN OLD COWPOKE WENT RIDING OUT ONE DARK AND WINDY DAY,
STOPPED BENEATH A SHADY TREE AND PAUSED TO BEAT HIS MEAT.
WHEN ALL AT ONCE A SLANT-EYED BITCH CAME RIDIN' DOWN
THE TRAIL.
HE STOPPED HER AND ASKED HER, "HOW 'BOUT A PIECE OF TAIL?"

CHORUS: YIPPEE-YI-YEAAAAAA, YIPPEE-YI-YOOOOOOOOO
GHOST FUCKERS IN THE SKY.

HER TITS WERE ALL A-FLOPPIN',
HER CUNT ATE OUT WITH CLAP.
HE SOCKED IT TO HER ANYWAY AND GAVE HER ASS A SLAP.
SHE SHIT, SHE MOANED, SHE THREW HIM FROM HER CRACK.
HE ROLLED ACROSS THE DESERT AND BROKE HIS FUCKING BACK.

DOWNTOWN

WHEN YOU GOT A BELLY FULL O' BRAVO'S
AND SKY SPOTS YOU CAN ALWAYS GO-
DOWNTOWN.

WHEN YOU'VE BEEN DRINKIN' AND "CANGEL"
YOUR THINKIN' YOU ARE SURE TO GO-
DOWNTOWN.

LISTEN TO THE MUSIC OF THE PAN SONGS SOFTLY SINGING,
LOOK AND SEE THE CONTRAILS OF THE WIGS, SO SWIFTLY WINGING,
SWEAT THE BOOZE.

THE FLAK IS MUCH BLACKER THERE,
IT SHAKES UP THE PILOTS,
IT SHAKES UP THE BEARS,
TO GO DOWNTOWN.

TRIED FLYING HIGH AND LOW DOWNTOWN,
EVERYTHING'S SHOOTING AT YOU.

LOOK AND SEE THE AIRFIELDS WITH THEIR
RUNWAYS SO INVITING,
SEE THE INTERCEPTORS COMING UP TO JOIN THE FIGHTING,
GET OUT OF HERE,
SAM'S ARE MUCH THICKER HERE,
COME UP IN SINGLES,
COME UP IN PAIRS - DOWNTOWN,
EVERYTHING'S WAITING FOR YOU.

JUST WHEN IT SEEMS 100 COME QUICKLY,
YOU CAN ALWAYS GO - DOWNTOWN.
SOMEHOW THE FEELING IN YOUR STOMACH
GETS SICKLY WHEN YOU HAVE TO GO - DOWNTOWN.
CREW CHIEFS LAUNCH THEIR AIRCRAFT WITH A PRIDE AND CARE AMAZING,
PROUDLY WATCH THE PHANTOMS, THEIR AFTERBURNERS BLAZING,
THEY'RE GOING AGAIN.
OUR BUDDIES ARE JAILED UP THERE.
WE STILL REMEMBER AND WE STILL ALL CARE.
SO WE GO - DOWNTOWN.
TILL IT IS O'ER AND DONE - DOWNTOWN.
TILL IT IS O'ER AND WON - DOWNTOWN.
EVERYTHING'S WAITING FOR YOU.

MY GRANDFATHER'S COCK

MY GRANDFATHER'S COCK WAS TOO LONG FOR HIS SLACKS,
SO IT DRUG NINETY YEARS ON THE FLOOR.
IT WAS LONGER BY HALF THAN THE OLD MAN HIMSELF,
THOUGH IT WEIGHED NOT A PENNYWEIGHT MORE.
IT WAS FOUND ON THE MORN OF THE DAY HE WAS BORN,
AND WAS ALWAYS HIS PLEASURE AND PRIDE.
BUT IT DROOPED, WILTED, NEVER TO RISE AGAIN,
WHEN THE OLD MAN DIED.

NINETY YEARS WITHOUT LIMBERING,
WHAT A COCK, WHAT A COCK!
HIS PIECES OF ASS NUMBERING,
WHAT A COCK, WHAT A COCK!
BUT IT DROOPED, WILTED, NEVER TO RISE AGAIN,
WHEN THE OLD MAN DIED.

NORTHWARD HO

(I'm Looking over a Four Leaf Clover)

I'M LOOKING NORTHWARD TO HAIPHONG HARBOR,
WHILE SAM'S ON THE GROUND LOOK AT ME.
SEVENTH SAYS GO - GO,
BUT I'D RATHER NOT.
IT'S RIGHT IN THE ASSHOLE THAT I'LL SURE GET SHOT.

I'M NOT COMPLAINING, I'M EXPLAINING,
SO, TWO, STAY WITH ME THROUGH THE PASS,
JINK THROUGH THE JUNGLE, MAKE THE AB'S RUMBLE,
AND WE'LL FLY RIGHT UP OUR OWN ASS.

THE CUCKOO SONG (Sweet Violets)

NOW THE CUCKOO IS A STRANGE BIRD, IT SITS ON THE GRASS,
WITH ITS WINGS NEATLY FOLDED AND ITS BEAK UP ITS ASS.
FROM THIS STRANGE POSITION, SELDOM DOES IT FLIT,
FOR IT'S HARD TO SAY CUCKOO WITH A BEAK FULL OF...SWEET VIOLETS.

JINGLE BELLS

DASHING THRU THE GOO, IN A FUCKING PHANTOM TWO.
FLYING THRU THE FLAK, NEVER LOOKING BACK.
THROUGH THE HILLS WE DODGE THE SAMs COMING OUR WAY.
WHAT FUN IT IS TO BOMB AND STRAFE THE DRV TODAY.

CHORUS: CBU'S, MARK 82'S, 750'S TOO.
DADDY VULCAN STRIKES AGAIN,
OUR CHRISTMAS GIFT TO YOU.

HEADS UP HO CHI MINH, THE FOX 4'S ARE ON THEIR WAY.
YOUR LUCK IT HAS GIVE IN, THERE'S GOING TO BE HELL TO PAY.
TODAY IT IS OUR TURN, TO MAKE YOU GAMK AND STARE.
WHAT FUN IT IS TO WATCH THINGS BURN AND BLOW UP EVERYWHERE!!

OH, LITTLE TOWN OF HO CHI MINH (Little Town of Bethlehem)

OH, LITTLE TOWN OF HO CHI MINH,
HOW SAFE YOU THINK YOU LIE.
BENEATH YOUR RING OF SA-2'S,
YOU THINK THE GUYS WON'T FLY.
YET THROUGH THE CLOUD DECK RAINETH,
A DEADLY TRAIL OF BOMBS.
TOO LATE FOR FEAR, THE END IS NEAR.
SO FUCK OFF HO CHI MINH!

WE SOLD OUR COW

WE SOLD OUR COW,
WE SOLD OUR COW,
WE'VE GOT NO USE
FOR YOUR BULL NOW!

STOP KICKING MY PUP AROUND

OH, EVERY TIME I GO TO TOWN,
THE BOYS KEEP KICKING MY PUP* AROUND,
MAKES NO DIFFERENCE IF HE IS A CLOWN,
THEY GOTTA STOP KICKING MY PUP AROUND.

HE'S BEEN UP THERE FOR A THOUSAND HOURS,
IN V F R AND THUNDERSHOWERS,
BUT HE STILL DOESN'T KNOW HIS SHIT.
SAY A LITTLE PRAYER FOR THE GUYS IN HIS FIT.

OH, EVERY TIME I GO TO TOWN,
THE BOYS KEEP KICKING MY PUP AROUND,
MAKES NO DIFFERENCE IF HE IS A CLOWN,
THEY GOTTA STOP KICKING MY PUP AROUND.

HE'S CHANGING SQUAWKS AND CRANKING MILS,
HERE WE GO, "LOOK OUT FOR THOSE HILLS!"
WITH HIS HEAD UP HIS ASS AND LOCKED UP TIGHT,
HIS PRESENCE IS FELT ALL THRU THE NIGHT.

OH, EVERY TIME I GO TO TOWN,
THE BOYS KEEP KICKING MY PUP AROUND,
MAKES NO DIFFERENCE IF HE IS A CLOWN,
THEY GOTTA STOP KICKING MY PUP AROUND.

* An unofficial Air Force acronym meaning Fellow Up Front
or F Up Front. Of course, the official Air Force
terminology for this position is ASO or Airplane Systems
Operator.